

THE EXPOSITORY TIMES.

Notes of Recent Exposition.

ONE of the picturesque and powerful titles given to God in the Book of Isaiah is the title of 'Rock.' Now, even as early as Isaiah, most titles of God, as most other things, had already a history. We see at once what Isaiah meant when he said (Is 44⁸):

Ye are my witnesses: Is there a God
Or a Rock beside me at all?

In Driver's accurate language, 'it designates Jahwe, by a forcible and expressive figure, as the unchangeable support or refuge of His servants; and is used with evident appropriateness where the thought is of God's unvarying attitude towards His people.' But where did Isaiah find the figure?

Driver seems to give Isaiah himself the credit of it. 'The figure is, no doubt, like *crag*, *stronghold*, *high place*, etc. (Ps 18²), derived from the natural scenery of Palestine.' And assuredly Isaiah was able to invent so accessible and appropriate an image. But he was not the first to use it. The very way in which he uses it seems to say that it was familiar to his readers and himself. 'Great Rock' (or mountain) is a common title of the gods of Asshur and Bel in Assyrian; and in Dt 32³¹ 'Rock' is used of a heathen deity. So it is not that Isaiah arrested his readers with a new and encouraging description of the God of Israel; it is that in the name of Jahwe he challenged the gods that were called Rock, wherever they might be:

they do not deserve the name, he said; and threw his words into the mouth of Jahwe Himself: 'there is not a God that deserves to be called Rock beside me at all.'

In this way Dr. W. O. E. OESTERLEY in his *Studies in Isaiah xl.-lxvi.* (Scott; 3s. 6d. net) speaks of the use in the Bible of the word 'rock.' The use that is most puzzling to us and most familiar is St. Paul's in the First Epistle to the Corinthians. 'For they drank,' says the Apostle (1 Cor. 10¹⁻⁴), 'of a spiritual rock that followed them; and that rock was Christ.'

What idea do we obtain from that? We take it that the rock referred to is the rock in Horeb which Moses smote with his rod and brought forth water for the people to drink (Nu 20^{8ff.}); and to our Western mind the only idea that forms itself is that the water, once begun to flow, kept on flowing, and followed the Israelites wherever they went, a refreshing stream which they could dip into at any stage of the wilderness journey.

But that idea, like the water, is rather far-fetched. And it contradicts the Scripture. For it is not the water that is said to have followed the Israelites, but the rock. 'They drank of a spiritual rock that followed them; and that rock was Christ.' Dr. OESTERLEY shows that St. Paul had not in

mind the rock in Horeb and the water that flowed from it. He had in mind that charming incident of the later journeying of the Israelites, when to their great delight they came upon a well in the wilderness and sang a song of rejoicing: 'Spring up, O well!' (Num. 21¹⁶⁻¹⁸).

For it is of this well that the legend is told which the Apostle used and adapted to his evangelical purpose. We find the legend in the Targum of Onkelos: 'And from thence was given to them the living well, the well concerning which the Lord said to Moses, Assemble the people and give them water. Then, behold, Israel sang the thanksgiving of this song, at the time that the well which had been hidden was restored to them through the merit of Miriam . . . from the desert it was given to them for a gift. And from thence it was given to them in Mattanah; turning, it went up with them to the high mountains, and from the high mountains it went down with them to the hills surrounding all the camp of Israel, and giving them drink, every one at the door of his tent.'

It is weird enough; but that is nothing against it. Is it appropriate? Does it not speak of a well rather than of a rock? St. Paul speaks of a rock; where does the rock come in? The answer is found in the Midrash Rabba on Numbers. The Midrash Rabba is of much later date than the Targum of Onkelos, but it contains many ancient elements. In its comment on Num. 1¹ it says: 'They had the well through the merit of Miriam, as it is written: "And Miriam died, and was buried there." And what follows immediately after? "And the congregation had no water." And how was the well formed? It was a crag like a beehive, and it used to roll along and accompany them on their journeyings. And when the standards were pitched, and the Tabernacle rested, the crag came and settled in the court of the Tent of Meeting, and the princes came and stood beside it, and said, "Spring up, O well," and then it would spring up.'

Ah! those Jewish interpreters! they are just as

prosaic as we are, and much more incredible. But St. Paul? Out of all this absurdity St. Paul fetched a figure which at once suggests Christ the living water, and carries the gospel into every thirsty soul.

The Right Rev. Herbert Edward RYLE, D.D., Dean of Westminster, has published three addresses 'concerning our Belief in the Life Everlasting,' which he delivered in Westminster Abbey during Advent, 1915. The title is *Life after Death* (Scott; 2s. net). In the third address Dr. RYLE tells us what the promise of Life Everlasting which we have in the Gospel carries with it. It carries three things.

It carries with it the assurance of the continued consciousness of Personal Identity. We shall be ourselves, and we shall know it. What proof has Dr. RYLE of that? His proof is a right interpretation of the words of Jesus: 'I go to prepare a place for you.' St. Paul interpreted these words aright, and they became to him the inspiration of his vehement and glorious anticipations of the future.

Now this is one of those peculiar properties of Christianity which exalt it to immeasurable heights above other forms of belief. Dr. RYLE gathers all other forms of belief in the future into two classes. Either they are pantheistic, and talk of immortality as another name for the absorption of human souls into the cosmic forces of the material universe, wherein individuality and will are lost; or they take refuge in successive reincarnations—a solution of the mystery surrounding the Personality of the soul that is to the mind of the Dean of Westminster simply 'fantastic.'

But the words, 'I go to prepare a place for you,' are only the promise, the risen body of Jesus is the pledge, of this continuance of conscious Personal Identity. Our identity seems to us here to be wrapped up with our body. We cannot think ourselves out of it. We do not need to think

ourselves out of it, says Dr. RYLE. We may be unable to understand the nature of the body of our glory. It is enough to know that we shall be like Him who is 'the First-born of the dead,' and of whose glorified body we have some glimpses in the Gospels. It is enough. With that we can enter with St. Paul into the longing 'to be clothed upon with our habitation which is from heaven,' being confident that 'the Lord Jesus Christ shall fashion anew the body of our humiliation, that it may be conformed to the body of his glory.'

Now Personal Identity carries with it mutual recognition. This Dr. RYLE believes to be 'the most passionate and pathetic instinct of yearning of which our human nature is capable.' Can we say that just for that reason it will not be disappointed? The Dean of Westminster does not say so. But he says that the Master Himself and His Apostles pledge their word for it. For the Master, there is the discourse to the disciples in the Upper Chamber and the promise to the poor malefactor on the Cross. And for the Apostles, there is the whole atmosphere in which they lived and moved and had their being. To St. Paul and St. John death did not even stand between; it was not even a thin veil; it was not there. Already they were walking in heavenly places in Christ Jesus and only waiting for that brighter light in which they would know as they were known.

And Dr. RYLE goes one step further. If we are to know one another we must know one another as reconciled by the blood of Christ—not only as man to God but also as man to man. This is the Dean of Westminster's greatest word. Barnabas and Saul had their 'contention.' Did they meet again? They met in heaven. And the contention had ceased. There are those of us between whom there has been a sharper contention than that between Barnabas and Saul.

Another assurance which the promise of Life Everlasting carries with it is that we shall enter upon a new phase of Activity. Dr. RYLE does

not suppose that at death we pass into a condition of slumber or unconsciousness. He sees no reason for supposing so. Why should we? There is little said about it because there was little need. But our Lord's words to the dying thief, 'To-day shalt thou be with me in paradise,' would be hard to understand if a period of unconsciousness was about to be entered on, however long or short.

But what kind of Activity? Dr. RYLE cannot tell us. He is sure enough it will be no return to the toil and the weariness that gave so many lives on earth their unendurable burden. 'There will be relief from the tension of sorrow and the torture of suffering. The drudgery of physical exhaustion will have ceased. The weariness of overwhelming burdens will have gone for ever. There will be no sense of shame in work, and nothing sordid in the discharge of the lowliest duty.' All *that* he knows or can heartily believe, but beyond that he cannot go.

Is it worth while speaking of heaven as a sphere of activity at all then? It is well worth while. There is a sentence to be pondered: 'My Father worketh hitherto and I work.' Why? Because their work was not, and is not, yet finished. Our's will not be finished when death comes. We do not know how it will be carried on. We know only that it will be carried on. And so 'as we think of the terrible toll of life exacted by this European war, of thousands cut off in their very prime, we can faintly dream of the wonderful adjustments, which the great unknown Future will bring about, in careers hardly commenced and characters hardly formed, to meet the call of services wholly spiritual.'

The third expectation is Progress in character and growth in spiritual powers. This follows, Dr. RYLE thinks, as a corollary to the continuance of Personal Identity and Personal Activities.

Now it is just as well if it is necessary to believe this, for it is not very easy. The Puritan divines

did not believe it, and they had as keen a desire to look into these things as the angels had to look into the things of Christ. They believed that the souls of the righteous were *at their death* made perfect in holiness. Dr. RYLE believes that at their death the souls of believers begin just where they left off and then make progress.

And for a moment Dr. RYLE is much the easier to follow. It stands to reason, as it were, that, the veil being so flimsy, the rending of it should make no change. But is it not just then that we see Him as He is? Is it not just then that we know as we are known? And if we know, shall we not be? Is more than knowledge necessary? Surely there will be no defect of will.

The Dean of Westminster is very reasonable. 'Here on earth,' he says, 'you and I know what it is to have hopes of better things, to have aspirations after higher truths, to have yearnings after greater holiness, to have repinings for weaknesses and blunders and tempers, to long for the vision of purer insight and for the gift of gentler expression of sympathy and more stable exercise of self-control! Never on earth can men fully attain to that for which they pray. In the Life to come, can we think that all will in an instant be simultaneously perfected? Will the mere act of bodily dissolution be so efficacious for good? Nay, rather, may we not expect that before the vision of each spirit-Personality there will be opened out, under the new social conditions of which no idea can as yet be formed, a continually widening horizon of possibilities?'

It is very reasonable. But is it right? It is a fine modern idea; but is Dr. RYLE sure that the Apostle Paul had attained to it?

The conscience has always been troublesome to men. But it has not always been troublesome in one way. There are times when it is most troublesome to the man who has it. And there

are times when it is most troublesome to the man who has it not. At the present moment 'the conscientious objector' may be troublesome to himself, but he is much more troublesome to the tribunals.

Can we do anything for the tribunals? Their difficulties are very great. They have not always had the patience with the conscientious objector which is to be expected of a tribunal. They have doubted his moral sanity sometimes. Sometimes they seem to have doubted his existence. Their words, reported by a sensational press, gave such occasion for alarm that a number of men issued a public protest. They were not Quakers. Nor were they irresponsible enthusiasts. Among them, if we mistake not, were the Bishops of Winchester and of Oxford. But if we expect the tribunals to have patience with the conscientious objector, we also must have patience with the tribunals.

For it is one of the most difficult things on earth to judge another man's conscience. Did not the Apostle Paul say that it is impossible? 'Who art thou,' he said, 'that judgest another man's servant? To his own master he standeth or falleth' (Ro 14⁴). The time may come in the history of a country—it has come now in the history of this country—when the Magistrate has to recognize the existence of a conscience in men and citizens. Then he may find reasons for doubting the citizen's obedience to his conscience. But further than that he cannot easily go. And the reasons must be found outside the conscience itself. If therefore we are to assist the tribunals in their difficult duty of dealing with the conscientious objector, it can only be by making our appeal to the conscientious objector himself.

A book which has just come into our hands will help us. Its author is a clergyman of the Church of England, clear-headed and warm-hearted, with exceptional opportunity, as Warden of the London Diocesan Penitentiary, of recognizing cases of conscience, the Rev. T. A. LACEY,

M.A. Mr. LACEY calls the book which he has published *Conscience of Sin* (Scott; 2s. 6d. net), which is not our subject. But in the end of it he republishes a chapter from a previous book of his. That book, he says, is out of print, and 'I am too much dissatisfied with it as a whole to think of a new edition, but the section treating of Conscience seems to me not unsatisfactory, and it may be useful as an appendix, stating in more theological form the basis of the sermons.' That section treating of Conscience is exactly what we want.

'Who art thou,' said St. Paul, 'that judgest another man's *servant*?' Notice the word. It is the beginning of the understanding of the Conscience. For in the New Testament the Christian religion is usually described as the service of God, and Christians are servants. The word is a strong one. It is 'bond-servants,' or frankly 'slaves.' Their wills are their own, but they are their own to make them His. They enter into this service as free, and they remain free; but their freedom is only to do the will of God, and that so absorbingly that in all their freedom they are His bond-servants or slaves.

Now the first thing for the servant is to know his lord's will. It has always been recognized by religious writers, Greek and Roman as well as Christian, that a knowledge of the will of God is necessary to the practice of religion. And it has been recognized that this knowledge must not be external, but part of the man himself. It must enter into him and be his. When that takes place he is said to have a conscience of God. The very word means intimate knowledge. When it takes place in relation to Christ he has a conscience of Christ. It is then that he asks, as Saul of Tarsus did, 'What shall I do, Lord?'

Now it is a striking but undeniable fact that when a man gains a conscience of God he gains at the same time a new conscience of himself. That is to say, he recognizes in himself impurity of motive, iniquity of life. When even the Romans

spoke of a man's conscience of himself they meant consciousness of iniquity. St. Paul's language is alike. 'I am conscious of nothing,' he says, and does not need to add the word 'evil.' And again, he speaks of men who are 'branded in their own conscience as with a hot iron.'

These, then, are the first two uses of the word 'conscience' in Scripture. It is the personal consciousness or knowledge of God, and it is the consequent knowledge or consciousness of oneself as sinful.

It is then that the word receives an interesting addition to its meaning. It is used to denote that faculty of the mind which declares an action or even a motive to be right or wrong. Sometimes it is distinguished from the mind as if it were a separate faculty or power of a man's personality. St. Paul speaks of mind and conscience as both defiled by sin. That is to say, the reasoning faculty which seizes the distinction between right and wrong as objective fact, and the faculty which views the distinction subjectively in relation to self, are alike impure.

We come to the conscientious objector. When the impure conscience is cleansed by the blood of Christ it is called pure or undefiled. That does not mean that it is wholly free from warping and misdirecting judgments. The conscience devoid of deliberate offence before God and man may still be capable of mistaken determinations. To its complete emancipation from error two things are necessary—full knowledge and firm decision. A conscience that is well furnished with knowledge and firmly directed by the will is called by St. Paul a strong conscience. When a conscience is ignorant and undecided it is called weak.

A weak conscience sometimes restrains a man from doing things which he might lawfully do. The historical example is the eating of food which had been previously offered to an idol. An idol is nothing in the world. But the man with the

weak conscience does not know that. He is afraid that an idol may be something after all. And as it is his business to follow his conscience at all hazards, he refuses to eat meat which has been laid out in the pagan temples.

He is right to refuse. He is in the possession of a 'pure,' that is to say, a Christian conscience, and he must follow it at all hazards. If he ate food while his conscience was disturbed about it he would defile his conscience. And *we* must respect his scruples. The Apostle puts our duty before us with perfect clearness. And it is the only possible Christian Duty. We must encourage no man to defile his conscience. We must rather abstain from eating such food ourselves in case our example should have this evil influence.

The man with the weak conscience is right to refuse. But he is not right to have a weak conscience. A weak conscience is either an ignorant or an undecided conscience. It is the duty of every man, it is especially the duty of every Christian man, to obtain the necessary knowledge and decision which will make his conscience strong. He will then be able to eat food offered to idols, asking no questions for conscience' sake. Will he be able to go to war?

Yes, he will be able to go to war, if his standard of right and wrong recommends him to go to war. For every conscience has a standard. It does not come to its decisions *in vacuo*. It does not say, 'This is right or wrong because I think it so.' Such a conscience would be undeserving of our regard. It would not be a conscience. For it would not be able to judge at all. To judge is to have a standard to which the question is always referred and by which the decision is always obtained.

Now the natural conscience will refer to many

standards, public opinion, the opinion of one's family, club, or community, and the like. The Christian conscience has one standard, which is Christ. The Christian conscience has thus a great advantage over the natural conscience. Its standard is one and infallible. No doubt it has this disadvantage, if it is a disadvantage, that when the mind of Christ is known the decision of conscience is inflexible. That is very puzzling, and sometimes very provoking, to those whose conscience is directed only by public opinion or 'the country's needs.' But in reality the Christian conscience, *when it knows the mind of Christ*, stands incomparably higher than the natural conscience, and is capable of acts of incomparably greater heroism.

When it knows the mind of Christ. We have put that in italics. For the mind of Christ is not so easily known as some men with a pure conscience seem to think. There is no serious difficulty in understanding the general principles of Christ's teaching or the general purport of His example. The difficulty is in the detail. Many of the decisions of modern life were not once mentioned by Him; nor had they ever to be taken by Him. He never said 'Go to war' or 'Go not to war.' He did say, 'Resist not evil'; but it is an extremely weak conscience that makes that saying cover every possible occasion of attack, and refuse on any occasion whatever to offer defence. The conscientious objector has to see to it, not only that he has a conscience void of offence toward God and man,—that is essential and unquestionable,—but also that his conscience is not 'weak' through ignorance. He may be excused if he loses his patience with those who throw such texts of Scripture at his conscience as 'I came not to send peace but a sword'; but he cannot be excused if he loses his patience in the difficult but delightful duty of discovering the mind of Christ.

The Attitude of Judaism towards War.

BY THE REV. J. ABELSON, D.LIT., PRINCIPAL OF ARIA COLLEGE, PORTSMOUTH.

THE war overshadows everything. Its subtle influence trickles down to the most unsuspected nook and cranny of the everyday existence. Hence it is only natural that the literary sphere should suffer invasion by it too, and that the stream of books and pamphlets poured out from our printing-presses without surcease should be coloured with a more than proportionate admixture of bellicose material. Verily, to the making of war-books there is no seeming end. People are averse to reading anything that has no bearing upon the world's great trouble. All other problems sink into the limbo of the neglected. They look so ridiculously small, so impotent and unavailing. Why trouble to contend with the dwarf when the giant is in front of you, hurling at you his arrows, firebrands, death; challenging you to a combat which demands all your reserves of strength and resource?

The readers of war-literature fall into many classes. Some read because they want to know why the war started, others because they want to discover when it will end. To some again it is a welcome opportunity for renewing acquaintance with history and geography; to others again it is the means of gaining a freshened insight into the ever-diverting problem of international politics. All these classes of readers are moved either by mere sentiment or by a desire for enlightenment, or by both of these combined. And this is quite natural and proper. But there is another set of readers, who read because they are perplexed with the religious issues involved. They want to find out whether war is, or is not, a complete contradiction of the truth of religion. For war means the violent and wanton destruction of human life. It is murder, and those who participate in it are blood-guilty. As such, it is a violation of the primary moral laws enjoined by God, laws which tell us about loving our neighbour and forgiving our enemy and spreading peace and pursuing it at all costs. If the contending nations profess a religion, does not their action grossly belie their profession? Is it, or is it not, hypocrisy in a fighting man to pray to God? Is war any sort of proof that religion has no hold on men, no mean-

ing for them, and that the world, in spite of what any of us may say to the contrary, has in reality advanced very little beyond the 'tooth and claw' period of animal existence?

Every religion examines the problem from its own special angle. What has Judaism to say? It is noteworthy that Jewish text-books on ethics and religion either ignore the question or give it a very scant space. The best text-book by an English Jew—the Rev. Morris Joseph's *Judaism as Creed and Life*—says, 'The war-loving Jew is a contradiction-in-terms.' Again, in another place, the book says, 'The Jew who is true to himself . . . can never consistently belong to a war-party.' Now these assertions are true on two assumptions, viz.—(a) that the Jew is free to choose between the two alternatives, war and peace; (b) that the war in question is offensive and not defensive. Granted these two conditions, it follows from the most prominent teachings as well as from the general spirit and tenor of Judaism that it is as Jewish to love peace as it is un-Jewish to desire war. But these two conditions existed only when the Jews were an independent and autonomous nation settled on their own land and governed by their own laws. If they went so far as to clamour for war when settlement by peaceful means was possible, then were they guilty of breaking with the teachings of their faith. A similar guilt was theirs if they initiated an unprovoked war, if a desire for conquest or a greed for new possessions urged them on to start a struggle with an un-offending kingdom. The Prophets of the Old Testament lived in the heart of such contingencies; and, as we know, their mission consisted in quelling all war-like aspirations among the Israelites and advocating peace as the sublimest ideal of life. But all this is ancient history. The Jew has for long been a native or a naturalized subject of every land under the sun. He has had no hand in the making of war, no voice in the unmaking of it. It is his to do the bidding of the particular country in which he dwells. His patriotism takes on just this turn. He coalesces completely with the aims and interests of his land. An elementary feeling of citizenship dictates this course. When

war breaks out, the State calls for troops. To hold back would be disloyalty on his part. When his country is engaged in warfare it is not for him to question why! but to rally to her help, and work, with the others, for victory. He cannot say, 'I am a Jew, and my religion forbids my belonging to a war-party.' No; he must, for the nonce, actually and really become 'a war-loving Jew.' Here then comes, on deeper consideration, the pressing query, 'Is it right or is it wrong for a Jew to participate in active warfare?' Does Judaism allow or does it forbid the practice of using armed force? A general survey of Jewish law and custom points to the fact that we possess no authoritative dogmas on the question. In Christian theology we do meet with certain pronouncedly dogmatic assertions on the part of the Church Fathers. They spoke in the name of the Church, and their views were meant to be binding on the would-be recruit. Men like Tertullian, St. Basil, Athanasius, Augustine, all expressed themselves freely and strongly on the matter. But there is anything but unanimity in their opinions, and—what is more to the point—wars went on just the same whatever they may have thought or advised. It was always the question of high morality *versus* stern necessity, the ideal pitted against the real. Military service involved the taking of life. Religion and morality rebelled against this. But human nature being what it is, men and nations will always quarrel and wars will always recur. The weak and defenceless will then have to be protected. Homes, families, lives must be secured against invasion, against savage orgies of lust and cruelty. Hence to forbid men enlisting or taking part in warfare would in the end amount to an act of gross injustice. Hence too, whatever may have been the scruples of the Church's leaders, whatever they may have preached about the lawfulness or unlawfulness of a Christian to bear arms, whatever distinctions they may have attempted to draw between holy and unholy wars, theirs was nothing more than a voice crying in the wilderness; and wars raged unchecked throughout the centuries, regardless of all dogmas, doctrines, rubrics, and what not. The Crusaders are a typical proof. They are enough to show us to what a fantastic *reductio ad absurdum* the mediæval Church was led by an attempt to put a halo of sanctity round what was in reality a series of brutal and bloodthirsty onslaughts on innocent lives and property.

The Synagogue Fathers did not dogmatize and took up no 'attitudes' in this sense. It is hard to imagine the case of a Jew going to a Rabbi and asking him whether he would sanction his following the calling of a soldier. Were such a query put forth, the reply would probably be, 'Yes, you may, provided you try your best to observe as many of the cardinal principles and ceremonies of Judaism as your military duties will allow you to do.' The legality of war itself from the standpoint of Jewish teaching was never called into question. And there is a way of accounting for the fact. Judaism whether as religious belief or as system of law never sets itself in opposition to the salient facts of life as they are. It possesses that 'sweet reasonableness' which Matthew Arnold so often talked about. It is an eminently practical religion shot through with a strong current of downright utilitarianism. It preaches ideals, great and sublime ideals, many of them unattainable except after a course of most rigorous self-sanctification. But in pleading for the ideal it never loses sight of the real. Its feet are always planted on solid earth. It never bids man fly away from the sordid facts of the ordinary world and live somewhere in the clouds. The world must be taken at its face-value, with all its imperfections, with all its wickedness and sin; and the more the good man mingles with the throng, the greater his struggles with the ubiquitous forces of darkness, the greater will be his chances of self-improvement, the clearer and nearer will be his road to sainthood. Not superciliously to shun the world as an unclean thing, but to live in it and yet remain clean: this is Judaism's programme. Now, to apply it. War is a fundamental world-fact (pending, of course, some really efficacious future Hague Conference). The differences of nations are composed only by resort to force. There is an inevitableness about it. That its abolition is most desirable is quite beside the question. It exists. That is enough. Judaism faces the grim facts and does not run away from them. It is but a piece of common sense to act thus. It does not bid its adherents live as though war did not exist. This would be impracticable, unworldly, illogical. It sanctions the bearing of arms because worldly necessity irrevocably demands it—hoping, of course, all the while that the combatants will be as merciful to one another as circumstances permit and that peace and quietude will come sooner

rather than later. Judaism is too logical to adopt the Quaker attitude forbidding the bearing of arms. The Quaker enjoys liberty only because the police, the army, and the navy are all equipped ready to defend his home and country from outside danger; so that the liberty he enjoys is really the negation of his principles and scruples. The Tolstoyan attitude of 'non-resistance' is similarly impracticable and illogical. Judaism shuns these extremes, and hence it naturally can have no word of protest against the Jew who bears arms.

But the real criterion as to Judaism's true attitude towards war is to be found in Jewish history rather than in Jewish theology. To find out what Judaism thought about war you must look at what the Jew thought of it. Theology and religion are, after all, but the theory. History shows us the theory worked out, put to the touchstone of practice. Religion is the teacher, superimposed, giving the lesson to the pupil and guiding him. History shows how well or ill the pupil has learnt his lesson. It is quite a commonplace of literature that with the Jew, most of all nations, religion and life were always linked in an inseparable companionship, obverse sides of the same shield, warp and woof of one and the same texture. Hence the way in which the Jew behaved towards the question of war is but an illustration in the concrete of how his religion taught him to behave in the abstract. We turn to the primal epoch—the life of the Israelite in Old Testament times. What do we find? We find that some of the most famous saints among the early Hebrews were men occupied in war. The Land of Promise was won only at the sword's point. God is described as 'a man of war,' as 'Lord of hosts.' A typical passage in Deuteronomy runs thus: 'For the Lord your God, he it is that fighteth for you.' The Psalms abound in warlike imputations to the Deity, such as, 'Blessed be the Lord my rock, which teacheth my hands to war, and my fingers to fight.' And side by side with these bellicose sentiments, nay, intermixed with them, we get heaps of intensely humanitarian ordinances on the sublimest of planes, bidding us show pity for the meanest creature that breathes, and to be exemplars of human mercy in imitation of the transcendent Divine mercy! But what must be premised in the study of all these texts is the fact that to the Israelite of those days all his wars were

religious wars undertaken in defence of his religion against the immoral depredations of the neighbouring peoples. In this sense it is correct to say that he was always waging a defensive rather than an offensive warfare. His duty of self-protection was rooted and grounded in the thought that he alone possessed the light and the truth. His defeat or annihilation would have meant an extinction of this light and truth. As the personification of them he had to take a firm stand for their preservation. And, therefore, even if certain wars which the Bible credits to him have the appearance of aggressive and offensive warfare, they can always be construed as being really self-protective and defensive. They were waged to save great ideas which were destined finally to become the prized possession of all civilization. Monotheism, with its implication of a God who is at once moral and just and loving, and with its corollary of the human obligation to execute justice and love mercy—these precious treasures of the Spirit required saving from the wreckers, and it was just these that gave the warrant and sanction for the warfare waged. To attack was really to save, to save the bed-rock principles honour, love, and faith from going down to the pit. And as for the imputed cruelty of many of the old Israelitish wars, it must not be forgotten that standards of kindness and cruelty are highly relative and must never be judged apart from the age to which they belong. What a man of the twentieth century considers cruelty may not have been considered cruelty by a man who lived before the first century. More than one Deuteronomic command enjoins consideration and clemency for the sufferers through war; and laws of this kind could never have been a dead letter for the Jew.

Yet, although the choicest spirits among the Israelites of old—their prophets (who were really statesmen) and poets and religious mentors—could claim no authoritative voice in the sanctioning or forbidding of war, it is clear from most of their recorded utterances that they favoured passive submission to the enemy rather than active opposition. Jeremiah, if it is not too vulgar an epithet to apply to such a sainted character, was clearly a 'peace-at-any-price' man. A man like the Second Isaiah could behold only the terribly inhuman aspect of war; and his loathing for it can be inferred from the incomparably emphatic

ways in which he points the future of nations as an epoch of undisturbed idyllic peace when the sword will be transmuted into the ploughshare and there will no longer be hurting or destroying anywhere. The martial note disappears under the gentler spirit which finds the cosmic ideal not in violence but in great moral and spiritual conquests.

The same preference for the peaceful, as opposed to the martial, attitude colours the characters as well as the utterances of the best Jews in the times immediately following on the Biblical age. The Hasmonean and Herodian epochs of Jewish history are undeniably tainted with many incidents of blood-shedding. Rivalries and jealousies, conspiracies and intrigues amongst both the royal and the priestly castes were abundant, and human life was cheap. The Roman 'procurators' who governed Eastern Asia were athirst for blood. But the Pharisees—the Jews who aimed at living up to both the spirit and the letter of the Torah—were never the instigators of the mischief. Of course they fought. Stern necessity made them take the sword in self-defence. No one can blame them for this. The ordeal was repugnant to them. And more often than not they—the learned men particularly, as the Talmud testifies—were the unresisting victims of the foulest murders, going to their doom uncomplainingly in the fine spirit of the Talmudic adage, 'They who are reviled but do not revile, they who hear their reproach and make no reply, of such doth Scripture say, And his lovers shall be as the sun when it goeth forth in its might.' Of the band of these devoted 'lovers' were men like Hillel and Johanan b. Zakkai and hosts of others who looked with the greatest disapproval and dismay upon the fiery resistance of the Jews to the battalions and battering-rams of Vespasian and Titus, culminating in the bloody orgies attendant upon the fall of the second Temple. But no authoritative voice could declare the warfare illegal.

When, later on, the Jew became a citizen not of a country but of the wide world, his war-politics took on the colour of his particular surroundings. Judaism was his religion, but patriotism was his rule of life. When the nations raged and the

kingdoms tottered and the call for military service rang forth, he sprang to arms without demur, looking for no canons or rubrics or codes to exempt him from his duty. True, he could not have found any even had he looked. The legality or illegality of a Jew to bear arms was an unsolved question. But he did not look. He co-operated with his fellow-citizens of other creeds, sacrificing himself cheerfully—and often on the altar of a country that repaid him evil for good. It was not only his purely martial qualities that shone forth so resplendently. His financial and administrative capacities were of the utmost benefit to the lands in whose wars he took part. The wars of mediæval Spain—to mention only one instance out of many—owed their success in large measure to the moral and material help given them by the Spanish Jews. And the record is the same no matter where we look.

'It is almost universally admitted,' says Aḥad Ha 'Am in one of his essays (*On the Transvaluation of Values*), 'that the Jews have a genius for morality, and in this respect are superior to other nations.' With some such thought in his mind he probably coined the word 'Supernation' as applied to the Jews. One is not so sure that the idea will gain undisputed acceptance in all quarters, yet it argues no undue national egotism on our part to say that it voices a preponderating proportion of the real truth. Whatever may have been the zest with which the Jew threw himself into war, he could never look upon it as anything but the outcome of man's bad passions. Peace was the covenant of God for which it was his place to work and pray unceasingly. War was a perversion, a misfortune, a monstrous evil which was bound to disappear once the higher influences of Israel's spiritual teachings would come to fruition. The Jew feels the same to-day, but whether he is to be the instrument for thus educating a world wallowing in blood and tears, it is for others to judge. Yet, if we cannot do it, our inherited moral doctrines of Right and Peace and Love certainly can. And in this sense the Jew will have his place amidst the builders of humanity's brighter future.

The Mysticism of Greece.

BY ADELA MARION ADAM, M.A., LECTURER AT GIRTON AND NEWNHAM COLLEGES, CAMBRIDGE.

II.

THE ORPHICS AND PYTHAGOREANS.

THE word 'mystic' is not often, if ever, applied by the Greeks to the worship of Dionysus (except in so far as Iacchus at the Eleusinia may be identified with him), but with us 'mysticism' implies a power of seeing and knowing the divine, through participation in the divine nature (see W. R. Inge, *Christian Mysticism*, London, 1899, p. 6). In this sense the Bacchantes certainly believed themselves to be mystics, and so also did the followers of Orpheus, who used the word 'mysteries' of the doctrines and rites which they handed on more or less continuously till the latest days of paganism. Orpheus, the mythical musician, is an elusive figure. One German scholar, E. Maass, finds him to be a Greek god of the under world, and derives his name from ὄρφνη, 'subterranean darkness,' so that the Orphics, who were chiefly concerned with the destiny of the soul after death, naturally adopted him as a patron saint. Far more probable is the statement of Strabo (x. 471), who says that Orpheus was one of the Thracians who practised ancient music, and mentions Orphic rites as having originated in Thrace (470), while stating that they 'are like Dionysiac orgies.' Tradition in general points to Orpheus as a real poet, musician, and religious teacher, on whom legend has bestowed a divine origin and miraculous endowments. Though his home may have been in Thrace, it does not follow that Thrace was necessarily the starting-point of Orphic ritual. There is a good deal to be said for R. Eisler's recent theory (embedded in a vast mass of indiscriminate learning and speculation) that Orphism had roots in Asia Minor. Thence it might easily pass to Thrace, and, meeting with a notable disciple, become associated with his name, not only in Europe, but in Asia. Historically, our first knowledge of Orphism is the existence of Orphic communities in the 6th cent. B.C., in S. Italy and Sicily, which multiplied and spread to the mainland of Greece, especially to Athens (E. Meyer, *Geschichte des Altertums*, Stuttgart, 1893, ii.

§ 460, however, thinks that they started in Attica and travelled westwards; see also von Wilamowitz-Möllendorff, '*Homerische Untersuchungen*,' in vol. vii. 212 ff. of *Philologische Untersuchungen*, Berlin, 1884). Eisler justly lays stress on the close connexion between the Asia Minor Greeks and S. Italy and Sicily. So do D. G. Hogarth and H. R. Hall, when they claim that Ionia kept alive Ægean culture during the dark ages, and gave birth to 'the great movement of Greek expansion that altered the history of the world' (Hall, *Anc. Hist. of the Near East*, London, 1913, p. 522). It seems not unreasonable to surmise that certain beliefs and practices prevailing in Thrace and Asia Minor were stamped with the name 'Orphic,' and were borne to the cities of the far West on the stream of commerce and colonization continually passing from east to west from the end of the 8th cent. through the 7th.

But it may be questioned whether, still farther back, these rites were not of Cretan origin. Diodorus Siculus (v. 74, 79) says that Orpheus was taught by Cretans, and that he handed down the Cretan legend of Dionysus-Zagreus (see below) 'in the sacred rites.' The important fragment of the *Cretans* of Euripides (472 [Nauck]) describes as a piece of Cretan ritual the feasts of raw flesh attributed by legend to Dionysiac orgies. It seems not unreasonable to hope that, if ever the Cretan tablet records are deciphered, we may find that the original home of all Greek mysteries was Crete. The *Homeric Hymn to Demeter* (122) and Diodorus Siculus (v. 77) both expressly say that Demeter came from Crete, and, when an opportunity comes for excavating on the Thracian coast, it is not impossible that fresh links may be discovered between the Cretan, Thracian, and Ionian Dionysus-Zagreus (against those who would ascribe an Egyptian origin to Eleusinian and Orphic rites, see T. Gomperz, *Greek Thinkers*, Eng. tr., London, 1912, i. 96).

In the time of Pisistratus there is some evidence (late, Suidas, Tzetes, but not wholly to be discredited; see O. Gruppe, *Griech. Mythol.*, I. v.

Müller's Handbuch, Munich, 1903, p. 1034) that two Orphics came from Italy to Athens, bringing Orphism with them. Their Athenian contemporary, Onomacritus, is indicated by Pausanias (viii. xxxvii. 5) as the founder at Athens of Orphic rites in honour of Dionysus, and as the author of a poem on the Zagreus myth. It is fairly clear that Orphism was flourishing in S. Italy, especially at Croton, before it began to be active in Athens.

Before discussing the content of Orphism, it is desirable to consider its connexion with the mode of life and religious beliefs of the Pythagoreans. Amid much that is uncertain in the life of Pythagoras, it seems established that he came from Samos to Croton about 530 B.C., and there founded a religious brotherhood, which acquired political power, fell into trouble later, was turned out about 450, migrated to the mainland of Greece, and in time was able to return to Italy, *minus* its political prestige, and *minus* its great teachers. After the first half of the 4th cent. we find Pythagoreanism living a kind of underground life, inextricably mixed up with a degraded Orphism, until in the 1st cent. it began to revive in Rome and Alexandria, developing into the great mystic schools first of the Neo-Pythagoreans, then of the Neo-Platonists, till it finally disappeared in the 6th cent. A.D., submerged under the advancing tide of Christianity.

The beliefs of the Orphics and Pythagoreans of Croton were extremely similar, and we have to ask, Which body taught the other? No certain answer can be given, but in the absence of direct evidence it appears that the Orphics were the earlier in the field, because in their records we find no Pythagorean philosophy except some traces of the mystical use of numbers, whereas the Pythagoreans have much doctrine and ritual in common with the Orphics (Rohde, ii. 108).

Orphic communities seem to have been so many religious societies of a type something like Congregationalist churches with us. The associations were known as *θιασμοί*, and their members were termed *θασιοί*. They held a regular system of divine worship, and each administered its own affairs. The object of the society was to cultivate holiness, and the chief god worshipped was Dionysus, but there were in historical times none of the ecstatic orgies driving votaries to range mountains and forests. 'It is hard,' says Rohde (ii. 110), 'for us to form a clear notion how the

wild cult of Dionysus could be tamed and shut up within the narrow bounds of provincial bourgeois life, though we may believe that much of the emotional excitement was represented symbolically.' The chief aim of Orphics was to strive after personal purity, so as to achieve union with the divine. Abstinence, white garments, vegetarianism, the avoidance of contact with things defiled were all means to this end, and means very often employed in a formal, superstitious, and unworthy fashion.

The Pythagorean brotherhood similarly aimed at 'following God' through a strictly ordered life, using the same instruments of abstinence, ceremonial purity, and tabu of flesh-food. J. Burnet (*Early Gr. Phil.*², London, 1908, p. 105 f.) is surely right in holding that such Pythagorean precepts as 'not to pick up what has fallen,' 'not to walk on highways,' and 'not to touch a white cock' are closely connected with very primitive modes of thought. It seems fair to suppose that Pythagoras took over for his brotherhood practices and beliefs that he found in existence, and that had their roots stretching far down into the early Mediterranean world. Most of the doctrine of purification was negative. The soul must be kept free from external taint. If the Pythagoreans travelled beyond the Orphics in a positive direction, it was in the use of music as a means of purging (*κάθαρσις*). One would like to think that the reported successful treatment of cases of rage or hopeless love by flute-playing was not wholly legendary (Burnet, p. 107 f.; Rohde, ii. 164; Iambl. *Vit. Pyth.* 64 ff.).

In Italy Orphics seem to have been ordinary citizens, who were members of religious convalescents. The Pythagorean brotherhood, on the other hand, was much more like a society of monks. In religious beliefs and practices there was little to choose between Orphics and Pythagoreans, though the latter had Apollo rather than Dionysus for their god. Even this distinction vanishes when we recollect that Orpheus, as the son of a Muse, was connected with Apollo, and that in Macedonia and Thrace Dionysus rather than Apollo was the leader and comrade of the Muses (Gruppe, p. 213). But the chief object of the Pythagorean brotherhood was the advancement of science, especially mathematical science. That part of Pythagoreanism does not concern us when dealing with mystic religion.

If intellectual research coupled with an ascetic life marks the Pythagoreans, among the Orphics their yearning for self-surrender and mystic union with a being who should save them from all ill, is the leading characteristic. At their best Orphics seem to have been full of a simple piety, and their glory lies in the inspiration which they gave to the flower of Greek thought outside their own body. The dark side of Orphism is the mass of petty superstition and magic to which its adherents were addicted. Plato has severe words to say of such practices:

‘Mendicant priests and soothsayers visit the gates of the rich, and persuade them that they have acquired from the gods by means of sacrifices and charms the power to heal with pleasures and festal rites whatever sin has been committed by a man himself or by his ancestors’ (*Rep.* 364 E, tr. J. Adam).

Like Pythagoreans, Orphics lingered on in Greece in an obscure and rather disreputable manner, the butt of comic poets, in the fragments preserved to us by Athenæus and others, so that we find Plutarch (c. 100 A.D.) speaking of them thus: ‘Men are made atheists by the works of superstition with its absurd affectations, its verbal spells, its magic, its unclean purifications, its dirty scourings’ (*De supers.* 12)—everything with which those are familiar who know to-day the baser side of religion in Southern and Eastern countries. Professing Orphics do not seem to have realized the grandeur of their own conceptions, though we know from the gold tablets found in tombs (in S. Italy, also near Rome, and in Crete, dating from the 4th–3rd cent. B.C.) that they had a remarkable power of expressing themselves in the language of fervent devotion. Until the discovery of these tablets, our sources for the knowledge of early Orphic doctrine were—(a) references in Empedocles and Plato, and (b) fragments collected from late writers, chiefly Neo-Platonists. These purport to be authentic, but are of very doubtful and various dates.

Chief among Orphic doctrines is the immortality and celestial nature of the soul. One of the tablets contains these lines: ‘Say [when you reach Hades]: “I am a child of Earth and of starry Heaven, but my race is of Heaven alone.”’ And another: ‘I come from the pure, O pure queen of the dwellers underground, ye gods of fair fame and good counsel, and ye other immortal

gods, for I vaunt myself to be of your glorious race.’

How the soul first descends into the body is not very clear. Gruppe (p. 1035) thinks that particles of æther fall down to earth and become caught there, but his references are not very convincing. He quotes a late Orphic line, which says that the soul is rooted in the celestial element (*ἀπ’ αἰθέρος ἐπ’ ἔξωται*), but for the rest he seems to lean chiefly on the myth in Plato’s *Phædrus*, which is probably more Platonic than Orphic. But that the body is the tomb or prison-house (*σῶμα σῆμα*) of the soul is undoubtedly Orphic teaching (Plato, *Crat.* 400 C; *Phæd.* 62 B; E. Abel, *Orphica*, Leipzig, 1885, frag. 221). Once in the prison-house, the soul begins the circle of generation—*τρόχος τῆς γενέσεως* (Abel, frag. 226)—from which she longs to be set free, but the process takes at least 10,000 years (Empedocles calls it thrice 10,000 seasons). After death begins a period of rewards and punishments, lasting for 1000 years, after which the soul has to start a new life on earth, in human or other form: ‘I have been ere now,’ says Empedocles (5th cent. B.C.), ‘ere now, a youth, a maid, a bush, a bird, and a dumb fish out of the sea’ (frag. 117 [Diels]; an Orphic passage without doubt).

Gomperz thinks that he here detects a fusion of Pythagorean with Orphic teaching, not quite complete. It seems to him unlikely that both punishments in the under world and transmigration should be employed as means of purification, so he suggests that Orphic punishments have been grafted upon Pythagorean metempsychosis. At last the soul returns to the Orphic heaven, which curiously is situated in the under world. See the second tablet quoted above: ‘I have flown away from the grievous cruel circle: I have set my eager foot within the longed-for ring. I have passed to the bosom of the Mistress and Queen of the under world’; and the reply comes: ‘O happy and blessed one, thou shalt be a god instead of a mortal.’

The pseudo-Platonic dialogue *Axiochus* draws a graceful picture of the Orphic paradise, where the souls live a cultured life in a perpetual spring. Plato, however, for all the fascination which Orphism exercises over him, accuses the Orphics of calling the fairest reward of virtue an eternity of drunkenness—*μέθη αἰώνιος* (*Rep.* 363 D).

Orphic mythology and cosmogony are confused and often crass. There is much difficulty in separating old versions of the world's origin from later ones, and sharp controversy whether certain theogonies which we know only from accounts in writers of the Christian era, Proclus, Damascius, etc., had any ancient existence at all. All that need concern us is the pantheistic character of the theogonical poems, one fragment of which runs: 'Zeus was first and last, lord of the bright thunderbolt, the head and middle out of whom all things were created' (Abel, frag. 123; cf. Plato, *Laws*, 715 E). Rohde asks (ii. 114): 'Who would recognise Homer's god in this Orphic Zeus?'

The grotesque myth of Zagreus served the Orphics as an explanation of man's heavenly origin. Dionysus-Zagreus,—Zagreus was an Orphic name for the nether-world Dionysus,—son of Zeus and

Persephone, was attacked by wicked Titans, who tore him in pieces and devoured him. Then Zeus destroyed them by lightning. The heart of Zagreus was saved by Athene; from it sprang the new Dionysus, in whom Zagreus lived again. Out of the ashes of the Titans there arose the human race, and in it is mingled the good, the celestial element, namely, Zagreus, whom the Titans ate up, with the bad element derived from the remains of the Titans themselves (Abel, frag. 196–200).

To Zagreus were dedicated the 'feasts of raw flesh' described in the fragment of Euripides' *Cretans* mentioned above, the *ἄμοφαγία* of the Bacchants, as the rite is called by Clemens Alexandrinus (*Protr.* 11 [Potter]). Their home is assigned by tradition to Crete. If Orphics from the 6th cent. onwards preserved the ritual, doubtless it was performed only in a symbolical manner.

In the Study.

The Encyclopædia of Religion and Ethics.

THE eighth volume of the *ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF RELIGION AND ETHICS* begins with a series of articles on the important subject of *LIFE AND DEATH*. Professor Arthur Thomson's biological article lays the foundation for a scientific treatment of a subject which in popular books and popular thought receives most unscientific treatment. The Christian article has been written by Dr. W. F. Cobb, a strong thinker who has not yet been discovered by everybody. Principal J. T. Marshall of Manchester has a separate article on the Old Testament conception. It is a subject which suits admirably Dr. Marshall's carefully discriminating scholarship. The Greek and Roman ideas of Life and Death are gathered into six closely printed pages by Dr. A. W. Mair, Professor of Greek in the University of Edinburgh. There is a primitive article, well packed with curiosities, and a separate American Indian article. The Babylonian, Buddhist, Celtic, and Slavic work had already appeared under *DEATH*, or will appear in the coming series of articles on the *STATE AFTER DEATH*. But there are here Chinese, Egyptian, Indian, Iranian, Japanese,

Jewish and Teutonic articles, the last by a learned lady, Miss Mary Ethel Seaton, of Girton College, Cambridge. Dr. Gardiner, who writes the Egyptian article, says:

'Inertia is the chief characteristic of the dead, wherefore they were called "the weary," "the inert"; elsewhere we find death compared with sleep. Life, on the other hand, is full of activity, and chief among its needs are air to breathe ("breath of life" is a common expression) and food and drink for sustenance. Here, again, the wishes for the dead are the best evidence of the things deemed needful for the living; "bread and beer, oxen and geese, cloth and linen, incense and myrrh, and things good and pure whereon a god lives"—so runs the common formula, which hardly less often mentions "the sweet breeze of the North-wind" as a necessity of life. The place of life was pre-eminently the earth; "O all ye who live upon earth," begins a favourite invocation.'

With only one article between—*LIFE-TOKEN*, by Mr. Sidney Hartland—a series follows, but much shorter, on *LIGHT AND DARKNESS*. It contains seven articles. The Christian article has been contributed by the Bishop of Moray. It discusses phases like 'Light of Light' in the creed of Nicæa,

and some most curious customs connected with light in the early Christian Baptismal and other services. This is how Dr. Maclean explains the symbolism of the liturgical use of lights: 'Putting aside the lights carried before a dignitary, we gather that the general idea was that, on the one hand, Christ is the Light of the world, and that, on the other, Christianity is the religion of light and Christians are children of light. There is an open religion, not confined to the few, like the Greek mysteries, not hiding itself, as those cults which became so common in the heathen world, and loved darkness rather than light.'

The article on gLING CHOS (ask a Tibetan what you are to do with the initial letter *g*) is probably quite unique in religious literature. It is a description of the mythology contained in Tibetan folklore, perhaps the most ancient religion of Tibet. The author, Dr. A. H. Francke, is a Moravian missionary. There is just one man who could have written the article.

From an article on the Litany by Mr. J. H. Maude we pass to a series on LITERATURE. These articles are likely to be referred to as often as any in the whole work. They give the sources for the religion and ethics of every country. Of the Babylonian literature Professor Bezold says: 'The history of the ancient East can now be authentically reconstructed from the historical inscriptions of the Babylonian-Assyrian literature. To the great kings of these monarchies the gaining of immortality by means of a careful tradition of their exploits, their successful campaigns, and building operations appeared most desirable, and so they caused the records of these deeds to be inscribed on a number of clay prisms, on cylinders and tablets, and on the animal colossi at the entrances of their palaces. The great extent of such texts is illustrated by a recently discovered tablet, on which the events of a single year (714 B.C.) are recorded so minutely that an English translation of the text would fill five columns of the London *Times*.'

Professor Bezenberger's article on the LITHUANIANS AND LETTS should be read in view of the things which will have to be settled when the war is over. Remember that the Letts are found in Courland and Livonia. Previous to the introduction of Christianity, the author tells us, the Letts believed in the resurrection of the body, and that meantime the souls of the dead continued to

exist in a condition not unlike that of their earthly life. Among the Lithuanians in the eighteenth century was a pastor named Christian Donalitius, who is spoken of as 'the distinguished author of a poem entitled "The Seasons."' He must have been writing at the same time as James Thomson, the distinguished author of 'The Seasons,' was writing in Scotland.

LOCKS AND KEYS follows LOCKE, and recalls a small witticism about Locke on the Understanding as well as the range of this Encyclopædia. Who would have supposed that key-holes had played such a part in the religious life of our ancestors?

The article on Logos has been written by the Dean of St. Paul's. Let one pertinent paragraph be quoted: 'In the NT the technical use of the word Logos is found in the Fourth Gospel (unless we should add 1 Jn 1^{1f}. and Rev 19¹³) only. But it is important to observe that St. Paul, especially in his later Epistles, gives us almost the whole of the Logos-doctrine which we read in the Prologue to the Fourth Gospel. The conception of Christ as a cosmic principle is even more emphasized in Colossians than in the Gospel. When we read of the Pauline Christ that He is the image (εἰκών) of God, that in Him the Pleroma of the Godhead dwells in bodily form, that He was the agent in creation, and the immanent Spirit "through whom are all things," that He pre-existed in the form of God, that He is the first-born of all creation, in whom and through whom and to whom are all things, that all things are summed up in Him, that He is all and in all, that His reign is co-extensive with the whole world's history, that He is life-giving Spirit, abiding in the souls of His disciples, forming Himself in them, and transforming them into His likeness, enlightening them and uniting them in one body with Himself, it does not seem that a candid criticism can deny that all the elements of a complete Logos-theology are to be found in the Pauline Epistles. Without assuming any direct influence of Philo, which is perhaps improbable, it is unquestionable that the Jewish-Alexandrian Logos-philosophy had a great and increasing influence upon St. Paul's doctrine of the Person of Christ. In proportion as the apocalyptic Messianism which we find in Thessalonians lost its importance for him, he approximated more and more to the type of Christology which we associate with the name of St. John. It must not

be supposed that this statement stands or falls with the authenticity of Colossians and Ephesians. The Epistles to the Corinthians contain similar language.'

We have touched a hundred and thirty-six pages out of nine hundred and ten.

Virginibus Puerisque.

I.

June.

ROSES.

'And Elijah prayed, and said, Lord, I pray thee, open his eyes that he may see.'—2 K 6¹⁷.

To many people the mention of any of the spring or summer months suggests one particular flower. March has its snowdrops, April the crocuses, May daffodils. If I asked you boys and girls to tell me the name of the great June flower, I believe that you would nearly all answer, 'The Rose.'

June, in fact, makes one think of a whole garden. A girl I knew very well told me how she used to picture the Garden of Eden. It was as a lovely old-fashioned place—just full of Roses. The wonderful chapter in Genesis, she said, gave her, even as a child, the impression of a place where God walked. 'I thought it was always the time of the roses in the Garden of Eden, and always the cool of a June evening.' These were her very words, and they made the same picture rise in my own mind.

June is the month of flowers; but both in gardens and out in the country it is the rose that reigns supreme. The rose is beloved as no other flower is beloved. You notice how your mother treasures some old-fashioned thing she possesses—it may be a bit of old lace, a piece of old china, or perhaps a quaint piece of dress. And the rose is a flower of the olden days. All sorts of people have loved it. Some of them must have felt that it told a story, or taught a lesson. As you know, there is a Rose on the Flag of England. During the week try to find out how it came to be there.

When some of us older people see the 'rambler rose' climbing over a pretty cottage in the country, we think, 'That is a picture of Peace.' But time was when even the rose was dragged into battle. If you do not know the story of the 'Wars of the Roses' very correctly, you must at

least have heard of it. The red rose and the white rose were used as badges by the opposing parties—white by the army of the House of York and red by that of the House of Lancaster. I believe that the armies really forgot all about the beauty or the perfume of the flower; they thought only of its colour. You know that even nowadays the sight of certain colours on an election day can make some people feel very angry indeed. Red and white may be enemies still.

The rose in itself has been a flower of peace all the time. People have had it in their minds when God sent them a great happiness. A poetess who loved the Lord Jesus Christ felt the joy of summer one day. A milkmaid tripped past her on the flowery grass; her thoughts turned to you children, and she wrote:

Rosy maiden Winifred,
With a milkpail on her head,
Tripping through the corn,
While the dew lies on the wheat
In the sunny morn.
Scarlet shepherd's weather-glass
Spreads wide open at her feet
As they pass;
Cornflowers give their almond smell
While she brushes by,
And a lark sings from the sky
'All is well.'

Then the great Scottish poet sang:

My love is like a red, red rose
That's newly sprung in June.

And once I saw a very good woman have a rose given to her in a garden. She looked at it; she smelt it; then she smiled and said, 'I am the Rose of Sharon.' She was thinking of her greatest friend.

A very fine writer of last century, who was also specially distinguished for seeing the beauty of God's works, said a great deal about the rose. He called it one of the most beautiful things in Nature, lovely both in form and in colour. The reason he gives why the red rose is admired more than all other flowers, is that a delicate tint of red is the loveliest of all pure colours, and that in the rose there is *no* shadow except that which is composed of colour.

But he liked the wild rose best of all: that

little flower you look at and forget—perhaps trample upon. Writing out a list of his favourite flowers for a little friend, he put the wild rose first. At another time, he said he would not give a spray of wild roses for Australia, South America, and Japan together.

He had as a great friend a girl called Rose. He thought she was like a flower. Rose was a very good girl and tried to make Mr. Ruskin—for that was his name—think as she thought about Jesus Christ. Writing to a friend about her after she had died, he said, 'Rose was tall and brightly fair: her face of the most delicately chiselled beauty . . . her eyes grey, and, when she was young, full of play: after the sad times came, the face became nobly serene, and of a strange beauty, so that once a stranger seeing her for the first time said, "she looked like a young sister of Christ's.'"

It would be easy to understand a bad person disliking this girl, and hating to be in her company. A famous dramatist makes the Devil afraid of roses. That is just a way of saying that he cannot abide the presence of what is pure and good. I have read the lines somewhere—

Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

But do you see the beauty round you in this month of June? I think somehow that a boy or girl who loves beautiful flowers cannot have evil thoughts. When you go out to the country on a Saturday, look round, and when your eyes fall upon the wild roses remember that God gives them.

It brings happiness to be able to see the beauties of Nature, but greater happiness if you can say, 'The maker of them all is my friend.' The roses will speak to you of His love; the birds that sing, the breeze in the cool of the evening, each will tell of One who is your Father, and the life of them all.

II.

A Morning without Clouds.

'A morning without clouds,'—2 S 23⁴.

Our text is taken from the last song that King David wrote. He was looking forward to the time when Jesus would come to reign on the earth, and he said that His rule would be like 'a morning without clouds'—Jesus would be like the morning sun lighting up all the sky, and bringing

gladness and light where before there was sadness and darkness.

But I want you to take the words in a different sense this morning—I want you to take them as your very own text; for life is like a day from sunrise to sunset, and you are in the 'morning of life.' And the best wish I could wish for you is that it may be 'a morning without clouds.'

Have you ever risen early on a fine spring morning in the country? As the light comes in, the little birds burst into song. Then the sun rises and floods the world with gladness. The earth is refreshed with her sleep and the air is pure and sweet. There is something about that makes you feel as if you could dance and sing with joy. The three things that strike you about such a morning are its purity, its beauty, and its gladness. And those are just the three things that the morning of life should be—pure, and beautiful, and glad.

Well, first of all, the morning of life should be *pure*. It is sin that darkens our sky and makes things gloomy. You have sometimes seen a beautiful, bright morning quickly clouded over; and many a morning of life that has promised brightly has been soon darkened with the black thunder-clouds of passion and sin.

Now it is not easy to keep pure, for even in the morning of life the clouds of wicked thoughts and evil tempers and wrong desires are ready to rise on our horizon. As yet they are tiny little cloudlets, but the only way to keep them from rising up and shadowing our life is to let Jesus, the Sun of Righteousness, shine into our hearts. He alone can keep those clouds away so that all our day may be bright, and that at evening time there may be light.

God has given you each a life. As yet it is unstained by the blot of any dark sin. It is a great gift—the gift of a pure life fresh from God. Some older people would give all they possess just to be standing where you stand full in the morning sunlight, without the shadow of a cloud over your life. Oh, boys and girls, realize the value of your gift before it is too late! Ask God always to keep your souls like a pure, fresh, cloudless morning. Never stoop to anything mean, or base, or dishonourable. Be like Sir Galahad, that brave Knight of the Round Table whose

strength was as the strength of ten,
Because his heart was pure.

Secondly, the morning of life should be *beautiful*. It is said that if you want to see the Alps at their best you must rise at four in the morning. Then the beautiful snow-crowned peaks shine out in all their grandeur, free of the mists that often shroud them later. What makes the morning so beautiful? It is the light of the sun—the dawn after darkness.

Our morning of life should be beautiful too, but it will be truly beautiful only if the Sun of Righteousness shines in our hearts. He will make all the graces grow—the graces of love, and unselfishness, and kindness.

In a school in one of our great cities there was an annual flower show, at which prizes were given. In the slums of this same great city lived a little cripple girl to whom some one had presented a small geranium. Day by day she watched and tended her plant, and day by day the plant grew more beautiful. And when the day of the flower show came, the little cripple's geranium easily carried off the prize. When the judges asked her the secret of its beauty she told them that she had always kept it in the sun's rays, moving it as the sun travelled on. It is the sun that gives beauty and strength to the flowers, and it is the Sun of Righteousness who gives beauty and strength to our lives.

Lastly, the 'morning of life' should be *glad*.

When Robert Louis Stevenson was a small boy, he was very delicate. Sometimes he was kept in the house all winter, and many were the weary sleepless nights that he spent longing for the dawn. For the boy had a great horror of the dark, and conjured up all sorts of imaginary terrors. He always looked forward to the time when the carts came in, for he knew that when they rattled past, the daybreak was not far away, and that, in an hour or two, the light would stream through the blind. Oh, the gladness of the morning after the long dark night!

And childhood is the glad time of life, bright and free from care. Be happy, boys and girls, just as happy as ever you can. But I want to tell you one thing—a very sure thing. Your morning will never shine clear and without clouds unless Christ has some part in it. For the same thing that makes life glad makes it pure and beautiful—Jesus Himself, the Sun of Righteousness, shining in our hearts.

There is just one thing more I want to say—

share your gladness. You have strong bodies and happy homes, but there are other children whose morning is clouded—clouded by sickness, or want, or ignorance. There are suffering children in our hospitals, there are starving children in our slums, there are heathen children in far countries who have never heard of Jesus. Now I think the grown-up people should look after the grown-ups who are in trouble, and I think the children should look after the children. And the best way to show our thankfulness for being so happy ourselves is to try to make others happy. Let us give our pennies, and our toys, and our prayers, and our time, in trying to help some of the children whose morning is not 'a morning without clouds.'

III.

Good Eyes and Bad.

'And Jesus stood still, and called them, and said, What will ye that I should do unto you? They say unto him, Lord, that our eyes may be opened.'—Mt 20^{32, 33}.

From my window I can see the boys and girls passing to school every morning, and some of them I have got to know and watch for. One morning I saw a little boy I am much interested in. He was running along, when suddenly he seemed to have a companion with him, exactly like himself, and next minute a third little boy appeared. Now this little boy is always alone, so I rose to see where the others came from so suddenly, but when I reached the window there was only one little boy there. I was puzzled, and went back to the same seat, and looked out as before. Presently the same thing happened. A child came along, for a second I saw two, then three, then only one. Then I saw the reason. There was a defect in the glass of the window at one spot, and objects seen through it were multiplied.

Our eyes are the windows we look out at. Through them we get our information about the things around us. But these windows sometimes have defects in them, and then we get quite wrong ideas of what we see.

(1) Sometimes our eyes are like microscopes, which magnify things, or like my window-pane, which multiplies them.

Then we make mountains out of mole-hills. We see hills of difficulty where a little effort would make everything easy. We see the little things of

life as though they were very important, and make a great fuss about what matters nothing at all.

The eye of a butterfly is made up of a great many thousand eyes, in each of which objects are reflected. Professor Enoch showed this in a lantern slide.

‘He placed on a screen a slide that was described by the daily press as “a wonderful micrograph of a butterfly’s eye, which contains 13,000 lenses, in each of which was the image of a locust. He explained that he had produced this by dissecting an eye, placing the lenses under a microscope; then underneath he laid a small locust, so that when looking through the instrument the image of the locust was reflected in each of the 13,000 lenses of the butterfly.”’¹

Some people cannot tell a story without exaggerating it, so that it is impossible to believe what they say. A knight and his squire were travelling through Spain on their way to join the army of the Crusaders. They were brave men, and the squire, like Sancho Panza, dearly loved to talk. And a man who talks very much often says things that are neither wise nor true.

‘The journey, which they performed on horseback, was long and difficult. The road led through mountain defiles and dense forests. They often heard the cries of wild and ferocious beasts, and saw venomous snakes. Once a red fox bounded lightly across their path.

“What a fine fox!” cried the knight. “I never saw one larger.”

“I have,” said the squire confidently. “In Brittany, where I was born, the foxes are as big as cows.”

‘One day a fallow deer peered at them through a thicket, and the knight pierced its head with an arrow.

“Is it not beautiful, and large?” he exclaimed, proud of his trophy.

“Large for this country, perhaps, but you should see the deer in Brittany,” said the squire. “I have often seen them as large as horses.”

“And, pray, how large are the horses?”

“Oh, sir, as large as—well, twice as large as any other horses in the world.”

‘Just then the roar of a great river was audible, and the knight, springing from his horse, knelt in prayer. The squire, not knowing what to make of

his master’s actions, waited till he felt bursting with impatience, then cried :

“Tell me, sir, why you pause now to pray? I thought, up till now, morning and evening prayers were all that are demanded of the most pious knight of the Holy Cross.”

“We are near the Ebro,” said the knight, and resumed his petitions.

“And what if we were?”

“All liars who attempt to ford it are drowned; and, while I do not recollect ever to have told an untruth, I am but a poor, weak creature, and I want to commend my soul to God.”

‘After a few seconds the squire gave a deep groan. “O my master!” he exclaimed; “perhaps the animals of Brittany are not so large as I seem to remember them.” The roar of the river sounded fearful in the silence that followed, and the poor fellow added: “God have mercy upon me! The red fox of Brittany is but a common red fox, and the deer but common deer; and as for the horses, they are but sorry cobs. Lord, have mercy upon me for a miserable offender!”’²

(2) Our eyes may see too little. Many people have lived to regret that they did not see the goodness and kindness of those about them—mothers, or brothers or sisters—till they had lost them. They were blind, and their eyes were opened too late.

And how much we lose by not seeing the beauty that lies everywhere round us, in the commonest flower and grass, in the clouds, and the birds and animals. Painters and poets are those whose eyes are open to this beauty, and can sometimes show us what our eyes are too blind to see for ourselves.

Turner, the great painter, used very brilliant colours for his sunsets. Some one objected to this and said, ‘I never see such colours in Nature.’ But the painter said—‘Don’t you wish you could?’

There are many fairy tales which tell of a magic ointment rubbed on the eyes, which made the fortunate person able to see the fairies at their frolics, though they were invisible to the eyes of other people. That is like the gift which some people have of seeing beauty where others see none.

When Millet, the great French painter, was a

¹ L. P. Stubbs, *Consider the Butterflies*, 17.

² *Sunday School Times*, xxxix. 100.

boy, he worked in the fields with his father. 'The father and son worked together at the daily common tasks of the ordinary labourer, but they saw in their work things which few ordinary labourers see. They both loved everything that was beautiful either in form or colour, and nothing to them was commonplace. Years before, when François was a little boy, trotting along by his father's side, his father would stoop and pick a blade of grass and bid his little son look at it.

"See," he said, "how fine that is."

'Or he would point to some tree they were passing and say, "Look at that tree, how large and beautiful it is, as beautiful as a flower."

'One day they had stood together on the cliffs to watch the sunset, and the wonderful pageant of the crimson sky and the golden glory of the shining sea made François exclaim with delight. But his father stood still and reverently bared his head. "My son, it is God," he said; and François never forgot those words.'¹

(3) There are people who are colour-blind. They cannot tell blue from green, or red from yellow, so they can never be employed on railways or ships, where a mistake about the colour of a signal might cause a terrible accident.

Have you ever tried looking through a pair of dark spectacles such as are used to protect the eyes against the glare of the sun upon snow? If you have, you would see everything toned down to one dull shade. But if you look through a bit of red glass you see the same things in the glow of sunshine. There are people who see things in both of these ways. There are the happy people who see the good side of everybody and every thing, and the unhappy folk who can see only the worst side.

(4) But the worst kind of eye is the one that sees things crooked. You may often see that in looking through bad glass. If you use a camera you will know that if you do not hold it straight you will get a picture of your house all tumbling down. So some people see things out of focus. These are the suspicious people who find bad motives in the most innocent actions, and see slights where none were intended.

There were all kinds of blind people in Palestine. There were blind men sitting at the roadside begging their bread; and there were blind Pharisees, who saw the Son of God and did not know Him.

¹ A. Steedman, *When they were Children*, 277.

They saw all He did distorted, out of focus, and they said He did His wonderful works by the help of the devil.

One day, as Jesus was leaving the town of Jericho, two blind beggars were sitting at the roadside, and kept calling, 'Lord, have mercy on us'; and when He asked them what they wished, they said, 'Lord, that our eyes may be opened'; and He was sorry for them and healed them.

That is a prayer for everybody. Let us all pray to have our eyes opened, that we may see things as they truly are, and the beauty that lies around us—the beauty of Nature, and the goodness in people, and, above all, the beauty of Jesus Christ Himself.

IV.

The Rev. C. E. Stone has issued another volume of children's addresses. He calls it *The Rainbow Crown* (Scott; 2s. 6d. net). The fortieth address is on

No Change.

I have sometimes called to inquire about sick people and have been told that there was 'no change.' The next day I would get the same answer, and perhaps for two or three days more. Every time I called they would say, 'There is no change, sir.'

That, if correct, is very sad, because it means that they were no better and very near to death. But I will tell you something that is sadder still—that there is no change in you. 'But I am not ill!' No, but you are disobedient and ill-tempered and unkind, and you have been so for years. I say to father, 'How is that boy of yours?' and he answers, 'About the same; just as much trouble as ever.' I say to mother, 'How is that girl of yours?' and she answers, 'I don't know what to do with her.' Now, do you not think it is time that some of you changed for the better?

The other day I wanted to take the tram when I suddenly remembered that I had only a piece of gold in my pocket, and as I knew the tram-man would not change it, I went into a shop; but they had 'no change.' I tried another, and yet another, with the same result. Nobody had any change. So at last I went into the bank, and they changed it for me.

There is always one who can change things for us. Father cannot do it. 'I can't change you, my boy.' Mother will tell you the same, and the

schoolmaster and the doctor. 'But I want to be better. I want to be changed; where am I to go?' And Jesus answers, 'Come to me.' He will take that poor copper heart of ours and change it into gold; that foolish life of ours and change it into goodness and usefulness. It is no good going anywhere else. He is the only one who can do it.

I was travelling the other day to preach at a certain town. The inspector came to look at our tickets. He said to one gentleman, 'You are in the wrong train, sir. You must change at the next station.' That alarmed me, and I said, 'Do I change?' 'No,' he said, with a smile, 'you are right; you go right through.' And then I settled back in my corner and went on reading, pleased to think that there was no changing for me to do; that I was going straight through to my destination. Now that is the one comfort you will have when you do set out on the Christian road. You will never have to change again. Other people may have to quit their comfortable seats and move their luggage and hurry to other platforms, and have a good deal of trouble and worry, but you can sit still. You will be all right. Won't you take that road? If you take any other you will have to change or miss heaven. Next time I ask father about you I hope he will say, 'There is a great change in him.'

Point and Illustration.

The following editorial appeared in the *Manchester Guardian*, on February 24, 1916:

'It seems odd to read of the operations of a modern army being embarrassed by so old a practical joke on the part of nature as a mirage. Yet it has happened, and, according to the Press Association's account of the fighting on the Tigris, which was published yesterday, the joke seems to have been chiefly turned against the British troops—perhaps a little sop to the Turks bestowed by Allah as a slight compensation for the approaching loss of Erzerum. At any rate, in the first battle between the Turks and the British force marching to the relief of Kut our troops found themselves seriously confused by the mirage, the worst effect of which was to prevent the artillery from properly covering the advance of the infantry. The broad moral seems to be that one of the penalties of campaigning in Biblical lands is the possibility of finding oneself fighting under what looks remark-

ably like the origin of some of the famous Biblical disadvantages by which several Canaanite captains found themselves broken. When, according to the writer in Judges, "the stars in their courses fought against Sisera," it is not at all unlikely that behind this poetic version of the battle there lies some such mirage-bred confusion as hampered our own troops on the Tigris. And Joshua's sun, which obligingly stood still upon Gibeon, may very well have had a basis of fact in some allied optical delusion induced by an atmosphere whose refractive powers had become more or less muddled. At any rate it must be a very long time since anything of this kind actively interfered with important military operations. And if one could only assume that the Turks could, as Joshua claimed to do, arrange these things to suit their own convenience, they might be congratulated on having revived much the oldest weapon of war, beside which our hand-grenades and helmets—and even the scandalous German approach to the "Greek fire" of the ancients—become comparatively modern devices.'

Stopping One.

Often has the story of the great retreat, the great recovery, the great rush to the sea, the great victory at Ypres—often has that story been told, and often will it be told again; yet Mr. Frederic Coleman's book, *From Mons to Ypres with French* (Sampson Low; 6s. net), will hold its place. For it is the minutest record of the first months of the war that we have had or are likely to have. Mr. Coleman is a wealthy American who placed himself and his fine car at the service of the British Headquarters Staff. He and his car were used unmercifully. They were sent here, sent there, at all hours of the day and night, and they never refused to go. Well, the car refused once when there was no oil; Mr. Coleman did not refuse even when there was no food. And he wrote down all his experiences as he had them. He wrote down the experiences of others also. It is a book crammed with occurrences and not to be laid down till ended.

This is one of the occurrences:

'The car's steps were lined with soldiers, and one was mounted on a front wing.

"Now boys," I said, as I headed the car round for the dash up the hill, "the rise is steep, and this is no 'General' omnibus. All that are not wounded hop off, and I'll see if I can get the rest out of it."

'With a cheery word they jumped off, except one, who stood on the step at my side.

"Are you hit?" I queried.

"No, but I'm all right. I won't fall off, guv'nor," he replied, with a grin.

"If you are bound to come with us," I said, "vault up behind me and stick on."

He did so, and as I felt his hand on my shoulder I looked up at him and remarked, "I've got you between me and the Germans whatever happens."

'But we found that ride no joke.

'Up the hill we crawled. My load was eleven, some badly hit. Two cyclists in front gave promise of blocking the way as we gathered speed, but a shell burst over us that knocked one of the pair off his wheel. He careered into his fellow; the pair rolled into the ditch together. Bang! went another shell, seemingly a few feet over us. Four men from a group ahead of us were hit, so falling that they almost blocked the roadway. Bullets sang all about. Someone hanging on one of the steps was hit, and cried out as he dropped off. As the slope became less steep I overtook an ammunition limber, the team—minus driver—in full flight toward the rear. Off the road and into the dry stubble field I guided the groaning car, past the tired horses, galloping their poor best, and into the road again, urged by a quartette of shrapnel that seemed to burst—oh!—so close to us!

'A mile or so in the rear, we found a hastily improvised hospital, in a field by the road, where I delivered my load. An orderly came to me as I drove up, saying laconically, "Wounded?" "Yes," I answered, "all but one." Turning, I found the persistent one whom I had mounted at my back.

"I stopped one, coming up the hill," said the object of my remark, with a grin—"I stopped one proper, I did!" And as he disentangled his feet from those of a sadly wounded comrade on whom he had been supporting himself, he opened his tunic and showed me a blood-soaked side. "Through," he explained. "Might have got you if I hadn't been there," he added, "so maybe it was just as well. I couldn't have brought the others back in this thing." And he grinned again as I put him down where the orderlies could get him. "Good luck, son," I said, with a lump in my throat. His teeth were set as he was borne by two hospital men to where the doctors could attend to him.

'As they took him down the bank the corners of his mouth twitched in another half-smile, and he

said, "Thanks. Don't you worry about me; I'm all right. It's nothing!"

'I have often thought of him, and hoped he came through in good shape. His spirit was so very, very fine.'

Insufficiency and Availability.

Mr. E. A. Burroughs, Fellow and Tutor of Hertford College, Oxford, has given himself, heart and soul, to the study of the war in its relation to Christ. He has written much. His latest writing is a small book called *The Fight for the Future* (Nisbet; 1s. net). Of the things which the war has made emphatic he names especially our helplessness and God's helpfulness. He calls the one insufficiency and the other availability. He says: 'The acute sense of insufficiency and powerlessness is now, as it were, the background of all our experience. How many of us know what it is to have all that makes life worth living not only removed to a distance, but set in circumstances where, at any moment of day or night, the stray bullet or the random shell may without warning simply obliterate it, as a wave obliterates a scratch on the sand! And all the time our wealth and wisdom and love, however ample, are literally powerless to save one life. "Out here," wrote an officer last summer, in a letter quoted in *The Times* by "A Junior Sub.,"—"Out here there is one guiding factor, and that is the fact of one's utter helplessness as an individual." What a gain under such circumstances to be able to continue, as he does, . . . "and one's absolute trust in a Higher Power to keep one safe!" As an undergraduate friend of my own, soon after killed by a stray bullet at midnight, said in his first letter to me from the trenches: "The more one sees of these large shells and their ghastly effects, the more one feels that everything is in the hands of Providence."

'Nor is it only of individuals that this "human insufficiency" proves to be true. Nations are no more masters of their fate than men, and things have happened since July 1914 which would have been literally incredible to most of us before. Who, for instance, could have pictured beforehand the whole calculations of four Great Powers, and possibly the whole course of the war, upset by a difference between the King of Greece and his Prime Minister? In the general sense of bewilderment, of having reached an *impasse*, of having ex-

hausted all the resources of everything but brute force, while still the war spreads aimlessly on like an uncontrolled inundation, we are inclined to echo those strange words of Mr. C. F. G. Masterman early in December 1915: "The war seems almost to have been taken out of the hands of the rulers of nations and to have passed into the hands of the devil himself." But the true comment upon them is, surely, that the war never was "in the hands of the rulers of nations," and that, if indeed it has "passed into the hands of the devil himself," it has done so because the nations have not hitherto definitely put it into the hands of God.

'For the correlative fact, the explanation and remedy of human powerlessness, is the universal availability of God. The phrase is cumbrous, but it is truer than "Divine omnipotence": for, in all His relations with human wills, God can only act as our faith allows Him to. "In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths." Anyhow, along with the new sense of helplessness there *has* come home to very many the hitherto largely neglected fact of God, as the needed corrective of their own insufficiency. This is a second point in which the war has vindicated the Christian philosophy of life, based as it is on the twin fact of man's need of God and God's love for man. "You may take it from me, sir," said a soldier—a total stranger—to whom I put the question in a few minutes' talk, just before he returned to the trenches after a spell at one of the Base Camps in France last spring, "they have been doing more thinking about God up there in the last six months than most of them have done in the rest of their lives." And where "thinking about God" has been followed up by going to Him, in penitence and prayer, the presence of God has been proved afresh ten thousand times over. "Mother," wrote a young officer, one about whose spiritual state that mother had sometimes been anxious, and whose highly-strung temperament suffered intensely in life at the Front, "Mother, I have seen death, and death is indescribable; but 'under the shadow of the Almighty' I have found a peace greater than the terrors of death." He was killed in a charge a week later, and a brother officer testified that he was one who "would go anywhere." "Only Faith could have done it," wrote another from the trenches to myself, a day or two after the battle of Loos, from which only he and one other officer of

his battalion returned alive and unwounded. God is there, then, after all; and "Man's extremity is God's opportunity."

Blood and Iron.

Mr. Wilson McNair is a war journalist, and he had better experiences—better luck, he calls it—than the journalist generally has had. Once in particular he came upon a lady whom he knew, and was sent through her to do what in him lay for the removal of the wounded out of the line of fire. He got all the excitement he went for on that occasion, and more than all the horrors.

In *Blood and Iron* (Seeley; 6s. net) he tells the story of all he saw and could learn about the experiences of the British Army from the day they landed in France to that glorious day on which they rested after saving Calais. And he tells it right well. We are all admiring the magnificent leadership and endurance of the French at Verdun. But read Mr. McNair's description of the Battle of the Yser, and you will say that no officers or men could ever be put to a severer test. It is enough to make the most rationalistic among us revise his thinking. With such odds against them there is no merely human explanation of how it came to pass that the Germans did not get to Calais.

This is the last scene: 'Yet there must be enacted a final scene, since the eyes of the War Lord are upon his soldiers. What the Guard of England has accomplished the Prussian Guard can accomplish also and in fuller measure. The day of victory, long deferred, shall yet be hasted and the fruits of victory garnered.

'And so Wednesday the 11th November disclosed a strange sight about the dawning, when the light stole dimly along the bitter stretches of the road to Menin. Here surely was burlesque within the very arena of death—a spectacle of disordered minds, the apotheosis of overweening vanity. In the dim dawning of this November day the Prussian Guard upon the road from Menin are showing the goose-step to their astonished foes.

'What a scene that for history to dwell upon. The long, long fields, peopled with the dead of three nations. The pollard willows weeping by a dozen misty streams. The dank smell of the trenches, and the terrible sucking sound of the mud upon boots and legs. The voice of the wind, dismal, among the trees—far away and just visible

in the pale glimmer of light the towers of the ancient city rising up like a benediction.

'And along the roadway this prancing column with stiffened knees and pointed toes dancing heavily to death. Brave men indeed and iron discipline—but can the mind of free man contemplate them without amazement that is near akin to ridicule? If a man must go to death let him go easily. Our soldiers gazed in astonishment, scarce understanding what they saw, and then on a sudden the hail of shells was unloosed upon the Prussian Guard, and the work of butchery was begun.

'They came by the road from Menin—the road that is paved with the bodies of the brave and cemented together by their blood, and though their sublime courage carried them through the lines of our army in some places it was upon the road from Menin that they perished. The guns pounded them, the bullets mowed them down, the bayonets drank of their blood. Broken and withered they were cast back again—the remnant that remained—to the feet of their Imperial Master, whose behest they had so signally, yet so nobly, failed to accomplish.'

The Baptist's Advice to the Several Classes. Luke iii. 10-14.

BY THE REV. ARTHUR WRIGHT, D.D., VICE-PRESIDENT OF QUEENS' COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

THERE seems to be some misunderstanding in the editorial department of Lk 3¹⁰, for we read there that 'The multitudes asked the Baptist, "What must we do?"' and in his answer he gave advice which was not adapted to the multitudes, but to the rich or at least to the well-to-do, for he replied, 'Let him that hath two tunics impart to him that hath none; and let him that hath food in abundance do likewise.'

In the second source of the Gospels, or (as it is now commonly called) 'Q,' the Baptist appears as what we should call in these days a model missionary, and some samples of his preaching are preserved in St. Matthew and in St. Luke. These are of a highly sensational character, teeming with vague threats and terrific alarms. They are much too vehemently exaggerated for an ordinary sermon. A parish priest will do well not to imitate them, but in the mouth of a missionary, who only stays in a place ten days, they are just the thing to arouse the conscience of hardened sinners.

From another source St. Luke represents the Baptist as the same missionary, when he has descended from the pulpit and invites the penitent to meet him for private consultation in the vestry. Terrors are laid aside. There are no threats and no exaggerations. Their place is taken by the simplest practical advice: 'Don't be violent, don't get into debt.' And since the Baptist fully grasps and deals with the special temptations of

the tax-gatherer and of the soldier on service, it is difficult to suppose that he entirely misunderstood the position of the multitudes. It is strange also that they should have consulted him in their thousands. The sermon surely was addressed to thousands; but the consultation to a score or so, who seek him privately, one by one or perhaps in twos or threes when the sermon is over. And did he really believe that the poor suffered from too heavy clothing or too much food? If he had no more acquaintance with the condition of the masses than that, he would not have been the popular preacher which he evidently was.

Let us consider for a moment the question of clothing and food. The high priest 'rent his tunics'—so the Greek distinctly says—upon the night of our Lord's trial (Mk 14⁶⁸). The plural plainly indicates that he was wearing two tunics, the dual being obsolete in the common dialect. That he was wearing two is probable, for it was a cold night—perhaps rainy—or the police would not have kindled a fire in the courtyard 'to warm themselves.' He was also a rich man who could well afford the comfort. But in Mk 6⁹ the Twelve are forbidden 'to wear two tunics.' They were young and active men, who would be better without such a luxury. In St. Matthew and in St. Luke the rule, as usual, is made more stringent, for the Twelve are forbidden even to possess two tunics, a wash and a wear. As for food, too many

of 'the multitudes' would be in the position of Lazarus, who 'desired to be fed from the crumbs which fell from the rich man's table,' or of the younger son, who 'wished to be fed from the husks which the swine did eat.' To tell such men to give away clothes and food was to mock their destitution. Not one per cent. could follow the advice.

If we regard the conflation as a whole, we can have little doubt that St. Luke derived 'the multitudes' from the seventh verse, where we read that 'He said to the multitudes which came forth to be baptized by him.' But if we turn to the parallel passage, Mt 3⁷, we find that though the sermon which is there given is almost identical with the sermon in St. Luke, the editorial introduction is quite different. Instead of 'the multitudes,' the Baptist is said to have been addressing a small and select body, viz. 'many of the Pharisees and Sadducees.' Not the illiterate rabble, but perhaps half a dozen of the highly educated rulers are implied. Not the poor, but the rich, for the Sadducees were wealthy to a man, and as the Pharisees 'devoured widows' houses,' few of them were in poverty. These half-dozen 'princes' exactly fulfil the requirements of the passage. And if they went in a body to John, they may have thought to overawe him. If so, they were soon undeceived.

To a critic editorial notes are the least trustworthy part of the Gospels. Some of the sources, notably 'Q,' seem to have had no introduction to their sections, or the very briefest, like 'Jesus saith' of the Oxyrhynchus fragment. If the Evangelist wanted to assist his readers by telling them to whom a speech was addressed, he often drew inferences from the words themselves. St. Luke is especially fond of doing this, as for example when he writes, 'He spake this parable to certain which trusted in themselves that they were righteous and despised others.' A shorter preface would have been, 'He said to the scribes.'

Now the present writer has pointed out elsewhere that in no less than four instances St. Luke applies to the rabble what St. Matthew applies to the Pharisees. These are Mt 3⁷=Lk 3⁷; Mt 12³⁸=Lk 11²⁹; Mt 9³⁴+12²⁴=Lk 11¹⁵; Mt 16¹=Lk 12⁵⁴. Plainly there is a 'tendency' here. These changes cannot have been accidental. St. Matthew's Gospel is one long indictment of the Pharisees. Theirs was the guilt of rejecting the

Messiah. Theirs must be the denunciations. They are 'the offspring of vipers.' But in the Acts St. Luke shows a special dread of the mob. They stoned St. Stephen and tried to stone St. Paul. They attacked St. Paul at Ephesus and would have torn him to pieces in the Temple had not the Roman tribune rescued him. They proposed in the shipwreck to cut his throat, lest he should swim out and escape. The mob was never reached by his preaching. They were ever a source of danger. Against them in St. Luke's thought must the strongest reproaches be hurled. They and they only were 'the offspring of vipers.'

Look at the editorial work in this conflation (3¹⁻²⁰) and notice how much there is of it and how little it really helps us. St. Luke begins by giving names and dates to satisfy the historian. These are probably the result of his own researches. Whatever difficulties attach to them must be set down to his account. In the fifth verse he rounds off a quotation by adding two more verses from Isaiah. Of course he quotes from memory, but more successfully than in Lk 4¹⁸, where he has wrongly blended two passages. In the fifteenth verse he gives some literary connecting links which rest on general knowledge. They do not really help us. In the eighteenth verse he concludes with some further reminiscences, but they are so carelessly arranged, that he actually shuts up John in prison before our Lord's baptism! I may quote three further examples.

In 4¹⁶ St. Luke makes our Lord visit Nazareth immediately upon His mission to Galilee, before going to Capernaum. But St. Mark puts the visit to Nazareth much later (6¹), after work in Capernaum. That St. Mark is right is shown by the fact that St. Luke in 4²³ refers to works of power already performed in Capernaum. Again, in 22³⁵ he makes our Lord say to the Twelve, 'When I sent you forth without purse or scrip or shoes, lacked ye anything?' though these words according to his own account in 10⁴ were addressed to the Seventy and not to the Twelve. Finally, he declares on his own sole authority, that the darkness at the Crucifixion was caused by an eclipse of the sun, though nature forbids that an eclipse of the sun should take place at the time of the Passover full moon, or that the darkness of an eclipse should last more than eight minutes: indeed, if the sky is clear, the corona is visible and the darkness presently vanishes.

These considerations may make us beware of attaching too much importance to St. Luke's editorial notes. Sir William Ramsay has done much to vindicate St. Luke's trustworthiness as an historian and geographer, but there is another side to the question. St. Luke was not an eye-witness of our Lord's ministry, and the sources upon which he rested for information were not full of details. He would not have made use of such devices as catchwords to connect passages, if he had had complete information. And if his chief authority, St. Mark, was deficient in order, as Papias testifies, St. Luke could not as a rule improve upon him.

It is tempting to suppose that 'Q' simply gave the preface 'John said,' and that St. Matthew filled in the sentence one way, St. Luke in another, both acting by conjecture. But it is quite possible that St. Matthew's preface is original and that in all the four cases which I have mentioned St. Luke has deliberately corrected St. Matthew in accordance with his own prepossessions. For in 7⁸⁰ he expressly asserts that the Pharisees were not baptized by John. And he may have altered all

these passages for the sake of consistency with that assertion, even as St. Matthew altered or suppressed all the passages of St. Mark in which our Lord is said to have been 'at home,' or 'in a house,' presumably out of deference for the assertion that 'the Son of Man had not where to lay his head':—a saying which was true of one part of the ministry, but certainly not of all. The more I study the Gospels, the more convinced I become that enormous pains were taken in preparing them for publication. Of course there need not be any contradiction between St. Matthew and St. Luke in this particular case. For if St. Matthew says that many Pharisees 'came to be baptized,' it does not follow that they were really immersed. The rough reception which they met may well have driven them away. Or St. Luke may only mean that as a class they held aloof from John: a few exceptional cases of baptism by him may have occurred.

The passage will be set right if we read 'the rich' for 'the multitudes,' and if St. Luke was deliberately correcting St. Matthew, he may have inserted 'the multitudes' into both verses, without observing the incongruities.

The Denials of Peter.

BY SIR W. M. RAMSAY, D.C.L., LL.D., LITT.D., D.D., EDINBURGH.

III. THE HOUSE OF ANNAS AND THE HOUSE OF ISHBOSHETH.

WHILE Jesus was being questioned inside the house of Annas, there occurred below in the courtyard the scene in which Peter denied his Master three times. Before we go on to this scene, it is necessary to describe the general situation more fully, as some difficulties remain.

Mark alone shows that the courtyard was lower than the room or hall where Jesus was examined in the house: He was taken up to the first floor, and not to a room on the ground floor. In the Turkish houses, which we have seen, the ground floor is reserved for store-rooms and private rooms (and in the country often for horses and animals), while the main reception chamber and public room is upstairs.

In front of the house was an open courtyard, in

which Peter was waiting to see the issue of events¹ along with a crowd of slaves and attendants. Admission to the courtyard from the street was through a gateway, where a woman kept watch and ward; she opened the gate when she chose to admit a stranger, and was therefore able doubtless to scrutinize visitors through the closed gate by a grating or other device. This form of house is practically universal now in Asiatic Turkey, and in Syria (so far as my small experience there serves).

That this was the plan of construction of a Jewish house seems proved by the story of the assassination of Ishbosheth; and is quite natural and probable in itself, for the East changes little. You can very safely use modern customs, where these are unaffected by European influence, to illustrate ancient history. We are here referring to the class of house that is used by families

¹ Mt 26⁵⁸.

possessed of some little property: the poor dwell in simple huts. On the other hand, the wealthy families of the local aristocracy used to dwell in more imposing mansions called Tetrapyrgiai,¹ which were built on a plan like that of some modern English colleges with a single quadrangle, and four towers at the four corners, and a gate in the middle of one side. Christ Church in Oxford is a good example in everything except size. This form of construction is still seen in Turkey in the stately khans of the early Turkish period; but it has passed out of use in ordinary life, for there are no local aristocracy and no wealthy persons, and the houses belong to one of the two classes just described; and similarly in Palestine the houses of the 'king' Ishbosheth and of the high priest Annas were of a more modest type.

That this common native type of house is not of modern origin, appears from the fact that it is not well adapted to the harem system. In fact, often there is nowadays a separate house for the women of a family, while the house which contains the public audience chamber is reserved for men alone. If the customary type had been devised after the seclusion and separation of women became a social practice, it would have been adapted to facilitate the practice; and the great houses of early Turkish times were so adapted.

The Tetrapyrgiai² were the property of a class of nobles belonging to a conquering race settled in a new country; and their mansions were equipped as fortresses for defence, intended to hold down the subject population.³ Each Tetrapyrgia was the centre of one of those great estates, which have had so much to do with the development of the serfdom (as distinguished from slavery) that passed from Asia Minor to Europe and was a living curse

to Europe until the emancipation of the Russian serfs about 1860. The estates can be traced in Asia Minor from the fifth century B.C. The first historical reference to their influence on social custom is in Lk 2^{2,4}. They created and fostered the idea that the cultivator was attached to the soil; and Augustus (and his successors) recognized this attachment as right, when they ordered every one to return to his own place of origin every fourteenth year for the census. To this order by the Emperor, Luke attributes the journey of Joseph and Mary, which brought it about that Jesus was born in Bethlehem of parents who were settled at Nazareth. The attachment to the soil became more close, until at last the Roman law during the fourth century recognized that the landlord of the estate had a right to the labour of the cultivators who lived on it, and regarded them as defrauding him if they moved away from their home. This recognition constitutes the legal institution of serfdom and the colonate in the full later sense. Such is the principle of the attachment to the home and place of origin (*ἰδιώτα*), which is one of the most brilliant discoveries of modern historical investigation: a few paragraphs from a purely scientific investigation of the principle of the *ἰδιώτα* by Mr. de Zulueta read, evidently quite without intention of that writer, like a commentary on Lk 2^{2,5}.

These Tetrapyrgiai are known both in Syria and still more in Asia Minor; but they were not an institution used by the natives; and they are not to be looked for in the time of Ishbosheth. The would-be king Ishbosheth lived on the family property in a house of a more unassuming class, such as the ordinary well-to-do Turkish family lives in at the present day; and it is worth the pains to examine the two narratives minutely from this point of view. It is only by such minute study that the excellence of both becomes evident and convincing.

It is not to be denied absolutely that the story of Ishbosheth's assassination might be explained in agreement with the construction of a Tetrapyrgia; but the incidents suit more naturally the house of the native class, and suggest in their entirety not the more elaborate and fortified arrangement of

¹ Little has been written on these fortified mansions: they are described, and identified for the first time (so far as I know), in my *Cities and Bishoprics of Phrygia*, ii. p. 420. See also *Luke the Physician, and other Studies*, p. 187 (where instead of Pl. xv. read xxiii.); and Rostowzew, *Studien zur Geschichte des röm. Kolonates*, p. 253.

² Both feminine and neuter forms are used—*τετραπύργιον*, Josephus, *Ant. Jud.* xiii. 2. 1; *Acta SS.* Sergii Bacchi 7 Oct. pp. 842f.; *Anal. Bolland.* xiv. 385; Georgius Cyprius, pp. 150, 152 (Gelzer); *τετραπύργια*, Plutarch, *Eum.* 8; Procopius, who describes the architectural form, *Aed.* iv. 1 (p. 266, Bonn ed.); Strabo, p. 838; Polybius, xxxi. 26. 11.

³ Defence was certainly the purpose of the early Turkish khans. They were fortresses built to shelter and defend caravans from the attacks of the nomads (see *Luke the Physician*, loc. cit.).

⁴ Lk 2², quoted as authoritative by Rostowzew, *Stud. z. Gesch. des röm. Kolonates*, p. 305.

⁵ *De patrociniis vicorum* in 'Oxford Studies,' 1909, edited by Professor Vinogradoff; Zulueta's essay is really a commentary on a title in the Codex Theodosianus. The pertinent words are quoted in the present writer's *Bearing of Recent Discovery on the Trustworthiness of N. T.*, p. 267.

the former, but the general style of management and domestic economy of the latter. Ishbosheth, though claiming to be a king, had evidently no thought of guarding against danger by household precautions of any kind.

It should be added that, while the houses in the Turkish towns and villages are constructed in the same general fashion as in the country, with outer gate, open courtyard, and the dwelling-house proper looking over the courtyard (*avlay*), yet owing to conditions of the space available, there are variations in detail: e.g. sometimes the gate adjoins the front of the dwelling-rooms, but more commonly it is opposite to them. Similar variations in the arrangement of Roman houses are due to the same cause; but the general plan and idea of the Roman house is uniform (quite different in plan and intention from the Syrian or Turkish houses).

As Lady Ramsay has stated, and shown clearly by placing the translations from the Hebrew Bible and the Septuagint side by side, there are two distinct accounts of the murder of Ishbosheth.¹ These explain the situation differently, and yet, as she says, they are both necessary for a complete picture of the assassins' conduct. Call the accounts A and B: in her comparison of the two translations A is printed in italics. According to A, Baanah and Rechab, in order to obtain entrance, pretended that they were bringing the first corn from the threshing-floor:² this account is incomplete, because it leaves unexplained how they escaped unobserved after the murder. That is explained in B, which tells that even the woman who guarded the gate had gone away to help in the harvest; and, if she whose prime duty it was to be on the watch was absent, *a fortiori* all other servants might have gone out for the same purpose. As Lady Ramsay says, this is the custom; every one goes; no one remains at home. Usually, the master and landlord also goes and looks on, or even helps in the work. The laziness of Ishbosheth, which kept him sleeping in the house, was portentous and exceptional. So far as my experience goes, even people who spend the rest

of the year sitting about with cigarettes and coffee, go out to the harvest, which is the jolliest season of the year: it means food for the ensuing twelve months.

B, however, does not explain how the two assassins had planned to obtain entrance. They could not beforehand count on the absence of the portress from duty; and A here comes in to help; they were to pretend to her that they were bringing corn. When they came to the gate under this pretence, they found that there was no difficulty, because the gate was open and the guardian away. Accordingly they could go in and out without any one to observe them.

After entering unobserved through the open gate, they found themselves in the courtyard in front of the dwelling-house. Here they were 'in the midst of the house,' for the courtyard was part of the house (though outside of the chambers), as appears clearly from other evidence and from Mt 26³. On the ground floor were the store-rooms for the corn (as already described). Ishbosheth, a fat and lazy man, was sleeping heavily in the heat and audibly: they went into the dwelling-house and into his bed-chamber, and killed him as he lay. To get away was easy: no one noticed or pursued. The brothers Baanah and Rechab took a road which must have been out of sight of the threshing-floor. It seems to be implied that they had a choice of roads, and they chose the one least open to observation. As a rule, in Turkey, the threshing-floor is some distance from the house, and close to the cornfields. There are cases where the threshing-floor of a village is several miles distant from it.

Before passing from this incident we note that the two accounts, while each in itself presenting a story that is outwardly complete, were both taken into the historical work, 2 Kings or 2 Samuel, composed by the ancient Hebrew writer. The Septuagint omits almost the whole of A, but retains a small part (as indicated by the italics in Lady Ramsay's comparison of the two versions). The Hebrew version, which is known to us only from comparatively late manuscripts, omits part of B; but this omission is deliberate and belongs to a class of changes which were introduced into the text (see above, p. 315). The omission of A in the Septuagint is also deliberate. The translators apparently thought that A was unnecessary; and certainly they were right in preferring B, which is

¹ THE EXPOSITORY TIMES, April, p. 315.

² It must have been the first, because, after the delivery began, there would come a series of men carrying grain, whereas Baanah and Rechab's business called for privacy. They therefore came before the delivery of grain from the threshing-floor had begun, pretending to be the first.

a more vivid and detailed story ; but thereby they lose an important feature, namely, the difference between the assassins' plan and their actual deed. It is this that makes the Hebrew historian's narrative so complete and convincing.

The two accounts, A and B, read like the evidence of witnesses, perhaps those witnesses who narrated the facts in the investigation which David would naturally institute. They are both immediate, both have the ring of truth ; and they come from imperfect human beings, who tell only what each had specially observed. The author of the history had not seen those events for himself, but he had access to the evidence of eye-witnesses, and he stated this evidence as it was given to him.

The Hebrew historian did not work up the two accounts into a single narrative ; he did not strive after artistic merit ; he gives each account as it was, even although this involves some repetition.

We are not here in presence of a history written

centuries after the events, but with a work composed in contact with immediate witnesses ; and their stories are given side by side, each in its own way, imperfect yet in a sense complete, immediate and convincing. The subsequent fate of this history is one of mutilation and ill-treatment, not of addition and elaboration. This is also the character of the Gospels of Mark and Luke.

It may with good reason be asked whether the custom of using a woman as keeper of the gate, so unlike what one assumes to be the Jewish character in the time of Christ, was not special to and characteristic of the household of the high priest. May it not be an ancient Hebrew custom which the priests maintained after the people had ceased to observe it ? Religious history shows many such survivals, where the priestly custom continues to practice some ancient usage.¹

¹ Lady Ramsay points out that Rhoda in Ac 12 is not called a doorkeeper ; she is merely a household slave-girl who runs to open the door when a late visitor knocks.

Literature.

EJECTION.

THE word is not intended to recall that which used to happen sometimes at political meetings when the suffragists were about. It is a philosophical term. It is the subject of a book which Olive A. Wheeler, M.Sc., submitted successfully to the University of London for the degree of Doctor of Science. The book is called *Anthropomorphism and Science* (Allen & Unwin ; 5s. net). But its subject is Ejection. 'My knowledge of self is essentially different from my knowledge of all other objects, including my fellow-men. I can never directly experience another man's thoughts and feelings, nor can I even know directly that he has any thoughts and feelings. Take the simplest possible case as an example. If I suffer pain, the experience is a fact of indubitable certainty. But if another man suffers, the pain is not directly and immediately apprehended by me. How then do I know of its existence ? I believe that he suffers because I interpret his expressions, words, and other external accompaniments in the light of my own direct experience of pain. His pain is not,

and never can become, an *object* to me. It is an *eject*—something directly known only in myself when it is *thrown out* of myself and assumed to be in him.' And the process of throwing this something out of myself and assuming it to be in him is Ejection.

Now in Dr. Wheeler's hands Ejection is an instrument of no little theological and philosophical value. The first sin of which we have any record was due to overweening ambition. 'By that sin fell the angels.' It is likely to be the last sin. At the present time it is especially rampant in two spheres of life—the political and the scientific. As a certain nation has been demanding 'Deutschland über alles,' so certain men of more or less scientific knowledge have been claiming the whole universe for science. Theology and philosophy, they say, are simply ignorance ; as science pushes its way across the universe, these usurpers will vanish before it, and science will be 'über alles.'

But Ejection says no. Ejection says that science, philosophy, and theology are all dependent upon herself, and all equally. There is therefore a place

for each of them, and each of them must keep its place. Before the scientific man can conquer the universe for science he must conquer and kill the poetry and religion in himself. Now only a few scientific men can do that, and it is nothing to be proud of when they have done it.

LEADERSHIP.

If it is true that after the war we shall have to face a tremendous uprising of the power of democracy, we had better read *Political Parties*, by Professor Robert Michels of the University of Turin (Jarrold; 12s. 6d. net). It is described by its author as 'a Sociological Study of the Oligarchical Tendencies of Modern Democracy.' It is really a treatise on Political Leadership.

For democratic organizations cannot come into existence, and they cannot continue in existence, without leaders. It is the leader that has the ideas; it is the leader that organizes; it is the leader that offers that outstanding personality which is so necessary to all popular movements. Accordingly Professor Michels considers political leadership in all its phases—its psychological causes, its intellectual factors, its autocratic tendencies, its inevitable reduction of democratic into oligarchic government. Democracy does not and cannot govern; it is the leaders of the democracy that govern; and they inevitably form themselves, both for mutual protection and for efficient government, into an oligarchy.

It is true that at the present moment, in this country at least, the most conspicuous fact of industrial life is the inability of the leaders to lead. But it is only an appearance. The democracy, in parts, may throw off its accredited leaders, but only to follow others. When these others are thrown off, it will not be to discredit all leadership, but to return to the better leaders and prove Professor Michels right.

If only the leaders would lead! If they would show themselves unafraid of local movements and irresponsible leaders! If they would lead to purity in political life! It seems very often as if it were the leaders who were led, so little do they effect in so mischievous a matter as drinking. But the democratic leaders of to-day are not to be envied. With support and encouragement, with sympathy and patience, they will not be found wanting in the end.

Their great danger is always ambition. And to outrageous ambition nemesis is never far away. 'In June 1864, the hot-blooded Rhinelanders received Lassalle like a god. Garlands were hung across the streets. Maids of honour showered flowers over him. Interminable lines of carriages followed the chariot of the "president." With overflowing and irresistible enthusiasm and with frenzied applause were received the words of the hero of the triumph, often extravagant and in the vein of the charlatan, for he spoke rather as if he wished to defy criticism than to provoke applause. It was, in truth, a triumphal march. Nothing was lacking—triumphal arches, hymns of welcome, solemn receptions of foreign deputations. Lassalle was ambitious in the grand style, and, as Bismarck said of him at a later date, his thoughts did not go far short of asking whether the future German Empire, in which he was greatly interested, ought to be ruled by a dynasty of Hohenzollerns or of Lassalles. We need feel no surprise that all this adulation excited Lassalle's imagination to such a degree that he soon afterwards felt able to promise his affianced that he would one day enter the capital as president of the German republic, seated in a chariot drawn by six white horses.'

PATRIOTISM.

'During one age of the Church patriotism in the modern sense was impossible and unknown. At a later time ethics were sacrificed, partially at least, to patriotism. Now the best men and women are trying to reconcile Christian ethics in the sense of the fullest loyalty to Christ and to His Spirit with a patriotism which is sane as well as ardent, and which disclaims the temptation to selfish domination.'

These words state the purpose of a handsome book by the Rev. C. E. Osborne, M.A., Rector of Wallsend, of which the title is *Religion in Europe and the World Crisis* (Fisher Unwin; 7s. 6d. net). There could be no nobler or more necessary purpose. For now at last we see what patriotism is capable of. We see what it is capable of for good and what it is capable of for evil. It is patriotism that has offered Belgium to the knife; it is patriotism, horribly perverted, that has driven in the knife remorselessly.

We wish Mr. Osborne had kept to his theme throughout. For he sees the issue quite clearly,

and he sees how serious an issue it is. What he writes on patriotism he writes vigorously and fearlessly, not refusing to give the ruthless German the epithets he deserves, and not fearing to add that the German is not the only patriot who can be ruthless when he is ignorant and ill-led.

But the book covers much other ground. On one side the varieties and vagaries of patriotism tempt him to a digression on 'The Russian Spirit'; on the other side, the failure of the Church to handle the patriot well leads him to a discussion of certain other matters which also have been mishandled. There are two chapters on 'Democracy and the Church,' a chapter on 'The Re-Christianizing of the Churches,' and even a chapter on 'Christian Reunion.' In the last chapter of all, on 'The Church of England and the Changing Times,' Mr. Osborne returns to his proper subject and again writes well.

THE GERMANS.

Mr. John M. Robertson, M.P., 'was ever a fighter,' and he gives his fighting spirit full play in his latest book. Its title is *The Germans* (Williams & Norgate; 7s. 6d. net), a wisely wide title. For it gives Mr. Robertson room to say all that he wants to say about the Germans of the past, the Germans of the present, the Germans of the future. If there is system in it, one half deals with the ethnology of the Germans, and one half with their morality. But these things are not kept apart, either from themselves or from other things. Mr. Robertson lets himself go generally.

The fighting manner, the way of answer and attack, makes a book difficult to read. What progress are we making? How far can we trust statements that are made so confidently? And what will the opponent say? We need his answer to reach the truth that possibly lies somewhere between. To the fighter himself there is no kind of writing, we should say, that is more joyful than controversial writing, but it drags the reader at last down into the deepest dungeon of dullness. And Mr. Robertson knows it. Concluding the ethnological part of his book, he says, 'The reader has probably had enough of the Teutonic gospel of race.' It is a kindly consideration. But in the second part he lets himself go yet more unrestrainedly.

One of the most illuminating studies of German character which we have read has been written by Mr. Edmond Holmes, and published under the title of *The Nemesis of Docility* (Constable; 4s. 6d. net). The word 'docility,' as he says in the preface, is not strong enough for the book; but there seems to be no better word; 'servility' is too narrow. What Mr. Holmes means is this. Since the time of Frederick the Great the Prussian government has recognized the value of military discipline, and has been able to enforce it. The consequence of enforcing it, rigidly and ruthlessly, throughout so long a period, is that the whole Prussian nation, and now it must be added the whole German nation, has surrendered its independence—its right to act, its right to think, its very emotions—into the hands of its superiors. It is a drilled nation. As a machine it is nearly perfect, and being a military machine it has become a formidable menace to civilization.

As a military machine it is successful. But if any part is dislocated serious mishaps follow. Up to the Battle of the Marne the machine worked magnificently. There a hitch occurred. No subordinate had any initiative or any *desire* to act independently. The result was a serious defeat—a defeat which, in the opinion of Mr. Holmes, was decisive for the whole war.

Another thing. The German soldier is well drilled and obedient. But let discipline relax, and he becomes an untamed savage. Hence the horrors of the Belgian advance, and many a prison and other horror since.

It is a well-written and intensely interesting book.

Miss Emilie Grace Briggs, B.D., daughter of the late Professor Briggs, has prepared for press a series of lectures on the *History of the Study of Theology* (Duckworth; 2 vols., 2s. 6d. net each), which were delivered by her father during the winter of 1912-13 to a select group of students from the Graduate Department of the Union Theological Seminary, New York.

It must have been a very difficult task. For the methods of the lecture-room were combined with those of the seminar. And, besides that, much was left unfinished when death came. But Miss Briggs has made a useful and even readable book of it.

It is a useful book. For the study of theology

historically is too seldom encouraged; and the books that encourage it are too old or inadequate. And it is a readable book. For at every step the human element enters into the argument and introduces its never-failing interest. This is not a study of dogmatic theology merely; it is a study of the men who studied dogmatic theology. Moreover, there is throughout the book that personal interest which Professor Briggs carried into everything which he did. It is one of the sure signs of success that Miss Briggs has left that aroma with us.

In closing her preface Miss Briggs says: 'The ideal which he set before his students, and the hope which he cherished, find expression in the passage chosen to take the place of the concluding words which he did not live to write. That passage was first printed more than ten years ago; but to those who knew the writer, they will come as a message of hope and inspiration from one who gave his life in this world to the study of Theology.' This is the passage: 'Theology can have no other final aim than God Himself, communion with God, knowledge of God, and the service of God. Upon theology more than upon any other study the future of humanity depends. It is a study which brings into fellowship with prophets and apostles, with all the saints, with Jesus Christ, and with God the Heavenly Father. It is a study which calls forth all that is best within a man—his moral and religious, as well as his intellectual powers. It is a study which, in all its parts, may be animate with love to God and love to mankind. It is a study which men may share with angels and the spirits of the blessed. It is a study which knows no end. Other studies will pass away with the decay of the body and departure from this world; but the study of theology, begun in this world, will go on for ever, richer, fuller, and more glorious, in any and every world, in any and every dispensation, in which God may place us through all the ages of eternity.'

'Now I am quite clear that what we call the "supernatural" cannot be left out of the life of Jesus, for I have tried to do it. My first aim in writing this book was to show that the teaching of Jesus about life represented the wisest, the surest, and, finally, the only successful way of achieving Personality. I would merely argue from the teaching to the type of personality which obedi-

ence to it would result in. It was to be a simple tract on common sense ethics. Does not Nietzsche tell us, "Christianity is still possible at any moment. It is not bound to any one of the impudent dogmas that have adorned themselves with its name. Christianity is a method of life, not a system of belief." There is very much truth in that, though it depends upon which impudent dogmas one means. But, to cut the story short, I got along on my proposed method, with considerable difficulties here and there, until I had written the greater part of what I had set out to say. Then the whole thing broke down, finally and irretrievably broke down. It was not the miracles that broke it down. It was Jesus Himself. I turned back to see that the teaching of Jesus about conduct is as much interwoven with His idea of the supernatural—not necessarily with mine—as the stories of the miracles. I had to begin again.'

That is a good confession. It is made by Mr. George B. Robson in a small book called *The Way to Personality* (Headley Brothers; 2s. 6d. net). The whole book is as closely in touch with the facts of life, as it is appropriate to the needs of to-day.

The Rev. Ferdinand S. Schenck, D.D., LL.D., Professor of Preaching in the Theological Seminary at New Brunswick, N.J., read letters somewhere in which the writers described some great speech of Webster, Beecher, or Gladstone, and the effect it had upon them. He got an idea. Why not imagine a hearer of the orations of Amos, Isaiah, or Ezekiel, even of our Lord, of Peter or of Paul, writing to a friend and telling what the speeches contained and how they affected their audience? For 'the books of the Prophets look very dull simply as books, but when we look at them as largely sketches of orations and exercise our historical imagination to hear the orators speak, they become intensely interesting.' Dr. Schenck carried the idea into practice. In a volume entitled *The Oratory and Poetry of the Bible* (Hodder & Stoughton; 6s. net) he offers a letter from a son of Naphtali to his brother in Thebes, in which are described the four orations and the farewell of Moses; a letter from a Prince of Israel to a merchant prince of Tyre, in which two orations in the city of Samaria by Amos and Hosea are described. There are nine letters in all. The last

is a letter from Dionysius the Areopagite to Aristobulus, a nobleman in Rome. Its subject is St. Paul's speech at Athens.

But what has the poetry of the Bible to do with this? Well, not much. No doubt Professor Schenck gave his students lectures on the Poetry of the Bible, and as he was publishing a book on its oratory he added them. They might very well have made a volume of their own.

Professor A. T. Robertson of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary in Louisville, Kentucky, has given his exposition of the Epistle of St. James the title of *Practical and Social Aspects of Christianity* (Hodder & Stoughton; 6s. net). And it is a proper title. Dr. Robertson expounds the Epistle, but as he does so he keeps his eye on modern questions in society and the Church, and seeks to show how St. James would have answered them.

We say he expounds the Epistle. He does so minutely. As the author of a great grammar of New Testament Greek he has the right to speak his mind on the meaning of Greek particles, and he does so. He runs words to their roots; he distinguishes synonyms. There is no linguistic knowledge that he misses the advantage of. But all the while he is expounding the Epistle and keeping his eye on our modern practical and social questions.

The view of *Divine Inspiration* of Mr. George Preston Mains (Hodder & Stoughton; 3s. 6d. net) is not the old orthodox view, though there are relics of that view in it. The difference is that while the old view brought us down to the Bible from God, the view of Mr. Mains takes us up to God from the Bible. He quotes approvingly Robertson Smith's famous saying about the Bible 'finding' him; and on the whole that is the argument for the inspiration of the Bible which makes most appeal to him. He has read much about the Bible and quotes appositely.

To the English edition of the War Essays of Houston Stewart Chamberlain has been given the title of *The Ravings of a Renegade* (Jarrold; 2s. 6d. net). And the essays read as ravings. Still, it is right to read them. We have our self-esteem hard hit, and for the most part without feeling it, so absurdly onesided and so blindly passionate is the

onslaught; but sometimes painfully and therefore profitably.

The Study of the *Masters of the Spiritual Life* has always been profitable; it is imperative now. The Rev. F. W. Drake, Rector of Kirby Misperton, introduces us, in a book with that title (Longmans; 2s. 6d. net), to St. Augustine and 'The Confessions,' Julian of Norwich and 'Revelations of Divine Love,' Thomas à Kempis and 'The Imitation of Christ,' Lorenzo Scupoli and 'The Spiritual Combat,' Francis de Sales and 'The Devout Life,' William Law and 'A Serious Call.' These 'Masters' Mr. Drake has studied for himself. His book is written to send us all to their study.

The 'Text-Book' Series in Education is edited by Dr. Paul Monroe, Professor of History of Education in Teachers College, Columbia University. It is a series of which any editor may be proud. The volumes are large enough to do some real justice to their subjects. The subjects are wisely selected. The general editing is conscientious.

The most recent addition to the series is *A History of the Family as a Social and Educational Institution* (Macmillan). The author is Dr. Willystine Goodsell, Assistant Professor of Education in the General Editor's own College. It is a volume of nearly six hundred pages, and there is no padding.

For the history of the family (even in this restricted aspect) is a great subject. There is no subject, not even the history of slavery, which more clearly or more encouragingly shows the spirit of Christ at work through the Christian centuries. As with slavery, so with the family, there are discouragements. We shall quote a passage of typical backwardness. When we read it and the like of it we say, How is it that this could be after centuries of Christianity? We have to remember that the tribes of the north and east came down upon the Roman Empire after it had adopted the religion of the Christ, and each tribe had to be weaned of its heathenism separately. We have also to remember that superstition, especially as it involves cruelty, dies slowly and sullenly. This is the passage; the time is 'the Middle Ages': 'In North Germany, Iceland and Scandinavia the new-born child was laid on the floor at the feet of

its father, who then decided whether or not it should be allowed to live. If the decision were favourable, the little one was handed over to the midwives to be bathed and properly swaddled, *i.e.*, wrapped tightly with cloths from head to feet. It was then sprinkled and given a name by the father. The nurses and midwives of these early days were saturated with superstitions and practised all manner of strange traditional rites which were believed to help the little stranger on the strenuous path of life that lay ahead of it. Sometimes a fresh egg, the symbol of fruitfulness, was laid in the baby's bath; or a coin was laid there to insure to the little one ample means in later life. Again, after its bath, the new-born child was laid close against the left side of its mother in the belief that she would draw from it all sickness and protect it thus from child-pains, leprosy and the falling-sickness. Against these and many other superstitious practices, kept alive by ignorant midwives, municipal laws were occasionally directed. For example, an ordinance of Gotha, as late as the seventeenth century, after enjoining midwives to be God-fearing and lead Christly lives, continues: "On the contrary all superstition and misuse of God's name and word . . . such as use of written characters, drawings, gestures, and making the cross, amputation of the navel-string with certain questions and answers . . . sprinkling before or after the bath, and suchlike are forbidden, not alone to themselves, but also if they observe such unchristly and blamable practices in other people they shall dissuade them earnestly from the same and also report every case to the priest or magistrate."

If the picture of *Ferdinand of Bulgaria* drawn in the book with that title (Melrose; 2s. net) is anywhere near the reality, we shall weep no tears at his dismissal. He has cleverness, but he uses it all up in his own selfish and sordid interests. He has cruelty, which he uses on others, the nearer and the more dependent the more tyrannous and disgusting the cruelty. For the rest he is a coward and a fop. There are photographs in the book.

A Practical Pocket Dictionary of the Russian and English Languages has been prepared by J. H. Wisdom and Marr Murray (Melrose; 6d. net).

Mr. Joseph M'Cabe writes easily and well.

Therefore he writes much. His very latest book (April 1916) is *The Tyranny of Shams* (Eveleigh Nash; 5s. net).

How is it that Mr. M'Cabe knows a sham when he sees it? The answer is easy. All the things which he himself does not believe in are shams. And as his range of belief is not a wide one, there are many shams in the world. There are military shams, patriotic shams, political shams, and many more, and of course there are clerical shams. Or rather, there is 'the clerical sham,' for to Mr. M'Cabe's unbiased mind the clergy of all the Churches are altogether one gigantic and unmixed sham. That his mind *is* unbiased we have his own word for it. In introducing the clerical sham, which occupies the last and greatest chapter of the book, he says: 'Throughout the preceding chapters there have been resentful or disdainful references to the Churches, and it may be suspected that, in assailing other people's prejudices, I have cherished and proceeded upon the anti-clerical prejudice. A very cursory examination will, however, suffice to show that these criticisms were sound and pertinent, and are not due to some mysterious antipathy to the profession to which I once belonged.'

There is one interesting and agreeable thing in this last chapter. Mr. M'Cabe sticks to his friends. Professor Haeckel has been much discredited lately, but not in the eyes of Mr. M'Cabe. For many a day Haeckel has been more than a friend, he has been as a God to him; he is as a God to him still.

The Rev. Canon G. H. Box, M.A., Lecturer in Rabbinical Hebrew in King's College, London, has gone over again all the evidence for and against *The Virgin Birth of Jesus*, and has set it forth lucidly, learnedly, and persuasively in a book with that title published by Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons (5s. net). Why should he do so? The Bishop of London, who contributes a Foreword to the book, will answer. 'Thoughtless people say, "What does it matter whether Christ was born of a Virgin or not?" But it DOES matter to one who believes in the Incarnation, and who believes that the Christian life was meant to be "a new creation." To those who believe that Jesus was only a good man, however great and glorious, the Virgin Birth will always be an obstacle to be removed; but to those who believe that the Son of God came down from Heaven to earth, that His gift was "a new

life"—began in Baptism, strengthened in Confirmation, fed upon in the Holy Communion—the Virgin Birth will be, of course, a mystery, but one CONGRUOUS with that belief, and one which sheds Divine light upon it for ever.’

It will not be possible for the most unbelieving critic of the Gospel narratives to ignore the fact that a man of Dr. Box’s candour and learning has come to the clear conviction that these narratives are to be relied on.

Mr. George Napier Whittingham has taken the best known verse in all Blake’s poetry and lectured on it. He has taken its four lines, line by line, and made them the text of four addresses to simple patriotic people. The verse is

I will not cease from mental fight,
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England’s green and pleasant land.

And the title of the book containing the addresses is, *Who is to Blame?* (Grant Richards; 1s. net).

Who is to blame that Jerusalem is still unbuilt? Well, for one, not the drunkard but the seller of drink. ‘Writing with long experience of work in poor districts, I can say without hesitation that the Kingdom of God can never come on earth so long as the present system of the British Public-House is allowed to defile the earth. Lust, disease, crime, misery of all kinds come from its influence. The pawnshop, the police station, the gambling den, the life on the streets, the lunatic asylum are all its offspring. The British Public-House is the wonder of visitors from the Continent and the United States, where the sight of women drunk in the streets is almost unknown.’

Mr. Joseph Keating, the novelist, has written his autobiography. He calls it *My Struggle for Life* (Simpkin; 7s. 6d. net), and never was book better named. From the day upon which he went down into the coal-pit at the age of twelve to that day upon which he sat with his friends in the theatre box and listened to his first real literary success, it has been with him veritably a struggle for life. The book ends abruptly with the scene in the theatre. Are we to understand that Mr. Keating lived happily ever after? At any rate up to that time he struggled and was baffled and struggled still, never losing faith in himself or God (he is a

Roman Catholic), but never able for any length of time to keep the wolf from his door.

He had himself partly to blame. He is an Irishman, and all the Irish inconsequence, all the Irish *disregard* of consequence, is incarnate in him. But the book is a strong warning to any one who thinks of setting out on a literary career. It says emphatically, ‘Don’t.’

The autobiography is written with a good command of language and a fine freedom of style. How he taught himself to write—there is encouragement enough in that. Some interesting persons are introduced, and their introduction is always artfully arranged—the artfulness of the natural Irishman. Among the rest there is a picture of Mr. Lloyd George addressing a small and apathetic audience at Cardiff before his discovery. ‘Yet this untidy young man interested me. In spite of the depressing conditions, his phrasing had the glow under it which turns ordinary words into eloquence. His voice was musical, and his ideas poetic. His clenched hand, when he waved it in a gesture, seemed to draw a line of flame through the air.’

The Rev. Joseph Miller, B.D., Rector of Bolas Magna, is the author of two volumes of sermons which he called ‘Sermons Literary and Scientific,’ and which made a very favourable impression. He has now issued the first of two (or more) volumes under the title of *The Church Year of Grace* (Stock). The sermons are translated and adapted from the work of modern continental preachers. So they serve the double end of introducing us to the modern evangelical pulpit abroad, and of entertaining us with fresh aspects and appreciations of Scriptural truth.

Mr. Miller has published another volume, somewhat similar to the volume just noticed. It contains shorter and on the whole more pointed selections from foreign sermons. He calls it *Aspects of the New Theology* (Stock). The title has nothing to do with the flood of controversial literature which the same title poured upon us a few years ago in this country. The theology here is called new because ‘Holy Scripture and Christian doctrine are put in new and striking lights, and the subterfuges of the human heart are laid bare.’

Our soldiers, when they return from the war,

the chaplains tell us, will demand instruction and not exhortation. But they will demand instruction in the Bible and in doctrine, not merely in ethics and politics. They will expect us to tell them what the Bible means and what is the meaning of the Atonement, the Holy Spirit, the New Birth, Heaven and Hell. Let us read and be ready. Let us read *The Mysteries of God* by the Rev. W. T. Nicholson, B.A., Vicar of Egham (Stock). It is a book in which these very subjects are explained simply and satisfactorily in a series of short sermons.

'Howbeit if ye fulfil the royal law, according to the scripture, Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself, ye do well.' So said the Apostle James. And so says the anonymous and acceptable writer who is known as A. H. W. (Canada) through

a large volume of which the title is *If ye fulfil the Royal Law* (Stock). There is another law of love, love to God the Father. And so the whole message of the book is this: 'Christ Jesus taught no doctrines other than love and obedience to the Father, and love towards each other. This is marvellously simple and scientific, and if obeyed brings about the highest results possible to the soul of a man, viz., the sinless life, the life that assures us of continuity of being, in some expression of entity and in some condition of environment; but it must be in conscious and acknowledged unity with our Redeemer. If we abide by this Law of Life we are immortal. The soul that sins shall die. Sin is disobedience to the Law, and is brought about by our own unwillingness to love and serve God and to love each other.'

Prayer in Relation to Human Freedom.

BY THE REV. ALFRED E. GARVIE, D.D., PRINCIPAL OF NEW COLLEGE, LONDON.

I.

1. PRAYER is the universal and necessary speech as sacrifice the deed of religion. The worshipper expresses his belief, trust, surrender to the object of his worship in prayer. Prayer is so much a natural necessity of man that only the sophisticated by a little philosophy will ask for a rational justification of it. But recognizing both the need of and reason for prayer, when we think about its meaning and worth we are led to view it in four relations.

(i.) It is a condition of human development, *the growth of the soul*. As man is related to and depends on the natural and the social, so also on the spiritual environment; by prayer he maintains his correspondence with that environment in the double sense of the word, communion and concord with God; in prayer he holds fellowship with, and gains likeness to, God. Although the apostle is speaking of the religious life at its highest stage, he is enunciating a principle of universal and necessary application in all religion when he declares: 'We all, with unveiled face, reflecting as a mirror the glory of the Lord, are transformed into the same image from glory to glory, even as from the Lord the Spirit' (2 Co 3¹⁸). The practice of the

presence of God has as its inevitable result the development of the resemblance to God, as the intercourse of persons is the most potent means of mutual influence.

(ii.) Inasmuch as man is called to self-realization, to make himself by the use of his own freedom, this development of human personality, this growth of the soul, is not apart from, but by means of, human freedom. Not only is prayer the free act of man, but in prayer man not only seeks for but even gains deliverance from limitations and hindrances of his freedom; his relation to himself, the world, and God becomes a freer relation than without prayer it could be. We shall afterwards fully develop this consideration; but meanwhile pass to the two other relations in which we may regard prayer.

(iii.) Many devout persons even would limit the purpose of prayer to the spiritual realm, and would discourage petitions for any natural goods. For them the realm of spirit is a free realm in which God can act freely on behalf of man, and in man; but the realm of nature is a realm of law, fixed and unalterable, in which God could act in response to man's request only within the rigid limits of natural order, or by miracle, which is incredible.

But where religion is most vital and vigorous, it is least capable of submitting to any such limitation of the scope of prayer. In life itself the natural and the spiritual cannot be so severed from one another, but the loss or gain of natural goods does affect the use and enjoyment of the spiritual good. Still less for faith can God's relation to nature and to spirit be conceived as so entirely different, nay, even absolutely contradictory, free in one case and bound in the other. Theology, in the interests of piety and with due regard to the demands of intelligent and rational thought, may conceive God's relation to nature as a free relation, so that within the natural order itself He may through the natural forces which are the finite exercise of His infinite power and in accord with the natural laws, which are the finite expression of His infinite wisdom, meet man's needs in His fatherly goodness: and may even above and beyond that order as we know it exercise that same power and that same wisdom if that same goodness require, in what we call miracles, events which our present knowledge does not enable us to explain otherwise than as God's free acts. The believer will not demand or expect miracles, for he knows that God can and does answer most of his requests without these; but he will not doubt that God could, if need were, answer him by a miracle.

(iv.) But if God is not bound by nature, is He not bound by His own purpose? How is prayer related to the Divine Sovereignty? We must not transfer to the purpose of God the conception of a fixed and unalterable system which we have just refused to accept in regard to nature. God's will is not a cast-iron system of ends and means, a mechanism which can work only in one way, unless broken. Since God has made man free, He has left room within His purpose for the co-operation of free men; He does not fulfil His will apart from, but by means of, free men. If Calvinism can claim the support of a few isolated texts of Scripture, it challenges the contradiction of the moral and religious consciousness. The Kingdom of God, which is the end of God's ways in human history, is the community of free persons, freely submissive to the sovereignty of the divine truth and grace, and all the means towards the end are harmonious with it. Prayer as man's free act is not contrary to, but in accord with, and even a condition of, the Divine Sovereignty so conceived.

2. Much more might be said about prayer in each

of these relations, but the purpose of this essay is to deal with the second; and yet in dealing with the second, the other three will inevitably demand further notice. It will be convenient to distinguish these four questions regarding prayer by a distinctive epithet: we may call the first the *religious*, the second the *moral*, the third the *philosophical*, and the fourth the *theological* problem. *Human freedom* is a condition of *human development*, finds a limitation in *natural order*, and must acknowledge dependence on the *Divine Sovereignty*. We cannot accordingly discuss the one problem unless in relation to the others. The thesis to be proved is this, that only as exercised in prayer can man's freedom secure his full human development, change the natural order from hindrance to help, and be itself fulfilled in submission to the Divine Sovereignty.

II.

1. The Content of Man's Consciousness is three-fold—self, world, and God; and in the exercise of his freedom man finds a hindrance as well as a help in each of these. He very soon discovers that there is much he wants to do, but cannot do because of his own weakness; the reach of his desire goes far beyond the grasp of his capacity; with Paul he must often confess, 'To will is present with me, but to do that which is good is not' (Ro 7¹⁸); even apart from this enfeeblement by sin, man discovers very quickly and painfully the limits of his ability in contrast with the range of his desire and aspiration. Not only is he thus limited within his own free personality, but he finds himself as a part of nature in subjection to natural forces, and confined by natural laws. He can, it is true, by knowing use nature; by the science which knows the natural laws he can in his industry control natural forces; and yet he does not see all things subject unto himself; need and peril, disease and death are constantly reminding him that he is not always nature's master, but often her victim. As religious he recognizes behind and above self and world as the ultimate reality, and so the supreme sovereignty, God. This dependence is confessed in the common proverb, 'Man proposes, but God disposes.' To think of natural force as divine will may make subjection less humbling to the spirit of man; but it does not restore to him his sense of freedom, unless he can humanly will that the divine will be done.

2. Let us now look more closely at each of these limitations of man's freedom, and see how he transcends them in prayer. As regards man's limitation in himself, we must regard personality not as made, but as making, not as a fixed actuality, but as an expanding possibility. (i.) That in each individual the possibility is not absolutely unlimited must be conceded: nature does set bounds to what nurture can do, although these bounds are not as narrow as is often hastily assumed. To use a familiar proverb, 'You can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear.' In the physical and mental we must recognize such a limitation more than in the moral and spiritual. A David could not by any amount of exercise raise himself to the stature of a Goliath; no amount of education can make a dull man a genius. But by God's grace the sinner can become the saint, and the rebel be welcomed as the son.

(ii.) No man, however, is all that he may be. By self-culture and self-control man may do much to realize himself and fulfil his own promise. Yet in the higher life man soon and painfully discovers the hindrance in himself of his sinfulness. The autobiographical passage in Ro 7⁷⁻²⁵ describes a more tragic experience than is common, as few men are so concerned about righteousness, or distressed about guilt, as was Paul; and yet wherever men think seriously and strive earnestly, they do discover their need of strength and deliverance.

(iii.) Recent science has been insisting on the necessity of an appropriate environment for organic development. Man is dependent on nature for his physical growth; for his moral progress he is largely dependent on society. But in such an experience as Paul's, when human freedom finds itself fettered, liberation does not come from society. There is a divine environment, on which man depends unconsciously, but which cannot have its full effect upon him, unless he consciously puts himself in correspondence with it. I would in passing protest against the assumption that for religion and morals the subconscious is more significant and valuable than the conscious. God's truth and grace affect us most potently as we consciously and voluntarily apprehend them.

(iv.) In prayer we freely will our own liberation from the limitations of our freedom in our nature and character by God's action in us and for us. God is so akin to our truest, best, worthiest self, that we are most ourselves, that we are freest in ourselves in the measure in which He dwells and works in us

by His Spirit. What must be insisted on is that there is nothing magical or mystical in the activity of God in man, but it is the free act of God's grace in response to the free act of our faith in prayer. Just as the influence of one human personality enables another to realize itself as apart from that influence it could not, so God's Spirit does not suppress but liberates man's freedom for his own self-realization; and God so respects our freedom that He waits the invitation of our prayer to dwell and work in us the fulfilment of His own purpose for our good.

3. How often does a man chafe and grieve at the limitations that the world around imposes on his desires, expectations, and efforts. (i.) The child at first thinks he can have whatever he wants, but how soon does he discover that he can't. Men do not notice how many are the goods which nature bestows upon them, but they are quick to complain of any evils which it may inflict. Ungrateful for health, they grumble at sickness. Unawed by the wonder of life, they are frightened by the mystery of death. Sunshine and shower do not compel their attention as do earthquake and flood. It humbles, affrights, oppresses man that he should be the sport of forces he cannot fully understand and freely control. Some thinkers have found in man's sense of the limitation and even subjugation of his personality by nature the root of religion: by belief in gods above nature, and at last a God over all, man sought deliverance from his bondage to the fear and force of nature. This is not the sole root of religion; and yet in religion man does escape from subjection to the world.

(ii.) While the civilized man does not so constantly and painfully experience his subjugation to nature as does the savage, since his science and skill give him a large measure of knowledge and control over nature, yet he too has often to realize that his dominion is not complete. The watcher beside the sick-bed of a loved one, when death is approaching, realizes his utter helplessness, in spite of all the alleviations which medical science and skill can offer. Man finds it easy to destroy, hard to produce and preserve life.

(iii.) Must we then submit with Stoic fortitude? Must we not pray for the preservation of a loved life? In such a condition human love makes and cannot but make its appeal to divine love. But even as regards lesser goods, are we required

to be so spiritual that we are so indifferent to our natural perils or needs as never to pray about them? Man is not disembodied spirit; his inner life depends and is affected by his outer; he can escape anxiety only as he can cast his cares upon God. Our relation to God would be subjected to a limitation which would narrow and impoverish it, could we not pray to God about natural goods. We must not be childish, while childlike. There are fond fancies and petty wishes we shall cast aside, as we become ashamed of bringing them under God's eye; but there remains much in our relation to the world that touches us so closely and moves us so deeply even in our inner life that we can find deliverance only as we pray.

(iv.) The belief that God can answer our prayers, if He will, at once frees us from the bewildering and baffling sense of subjection to an inscrutable, ineluctable power; and transforms our relation to nature into a relation to God. If in His wisdom and grace He does not grant our request, it is not to nature that we feel ourselves subjected, but it is His will that we are called to obey. The denial which comes to us in answer to prayer not only assures us that it is best for us so to want or suffer, but also that His grace will be sufficient for us to endure; and so in His will we recover our freedom.

4. How are we to conceive the relation of God's will to our own will, since our consciousness of self and world leads us on to the consciousness of

God? (i.) God's strength helping our weakness is not a suppression, but a realization of, our freedom; for what we ourselves willed, and failed to do, God has willed and done by and in us. Again, our surrender of natural goods in submission to the will of God is not subjugation to a hostile power of nature, but a recognition that God knows better than we do ourselves what is really good for us, and that we shall in the end realize our good as personalities related to God more fully by lacking than by having the natural goods we sought, and failed to find.

(ii.) If in prayer we remain in God's company we shall come to think, feel, and will as He does, and so what He gives is all we seek, and what He withholds we no longer wish to have. It is because as Father He wants His children freely to will His will that He does not exercise His Divine Sovereignty through a physical omnipotence regardless of our wishes and aims, but waits in His action either in ourselves or in the world around us for our prayers, in which our human freedom, limited as it is, links itself with His Divine Sovereignty and so finds its enlargement, and deliverance from subjection to the natural order. In prayer we become God's partners, and so even amid our tears can smile

To think God's greatness
Flows around our incompleteness,
Round our restlessness His rest.

Contributions and Comments.

John Mark.

WHY is it that in the discussions about the quarrel between Paul and Barnabas over John Mark (Ac 15³⁶⁻⁴¹), it is almost universally assumed that the latter two are the ones to blame? Seldom is a good word spoken for Mark, and it is usually overlooked that Barnabas was 'a good man,' 'full of the Holy Spirit.' Is it not as probable that he was in the right as it is that Paul was? Are there not good reasons for saying that in such an affair he was much more likely to be in the right at this time than Paul? A masterful man like Paul, at least early in life, is not accustomed to show much charity for any one of less strong or aggressive nature, and is it not fair to assume that he was a

little unjust in his treatment of Mark? Does not his later treatment of him lead to this view rather than to the wholly gratuitous assumption that Mark had confessed his fault?

In his delightful volume, *The Second Things of Life*, Dr. Moffatt takes the unfavourable view of Mark's character, speaks of him as 'unreliable,' and of his leaving Paul and Barnabas as an 'act of moral cowardice.' But some way it does not seem to me quite warranted by the story as told in the Book of the Acts. Why should we try to save Paul from blame by imputing motives and conduct to John Mark, and, by inference, to Barnabas, which must be read between the lines?

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

Auburn Theological Seminary, New York.

Uncanonical Gospel-fragments.

SINCE I passed the proofs of my article upon 'the Uncanonical Gospels' for the first volume of the *Dictionary of the Apostolic Church* (p. 478 f.), a fragment of papyrus has been published by Grenfell and Hunt, in the eleventh volume of *The Oxyrhynchus Papyri* (London, 1915), pp. 238-241, which contains a couple of small extracts from Gospels of this class. In order to bring the article up to date, I should like to call attention to these fragments—ἵνα μή τι ἀπόληται.

The papyrus contains medical prescriptions, and the editors suggest that the two Gospel extracts have been inserted 'on account of their medical interest, perhaps as a kind of charm.' But it is as illustrations rather than as charms that they are included, in order to show that specific remedies had religious justification. The first begins: . . . 'men met us in the desert and said to . . . Jesus, "What remedy is there for sick folk?" And he says to them, "I provided olive-oil and . . . myrrh for those who put their trust in (πεποιθόσι) the . . . of the Father (πατρός) and the holy Spirit and the Son.'" It is unfortunate that the 'us' is uncertain (ἡμ. . .); even when it is accepted as is the most probable restoration, there is nothing in the extract to determine which of the uncanonical Gospels is quoted, for five or six of these profess to have been composed by one of the disciples in the name of the others. The curious order of the persons in the Trinity affords no further clue to the *provenance* of the piece. There is even less evidence for the origin of the second extract:— 'the angels of the Lord rose up to (mid-) heaven, suffering in their eyes, and holding sponges. The Lord says to them, "Why have you come up, ye holy and all-pure ones?" "Iao Sabaoth, we have come up to receive healing, for thou art powerful and strong.'" The divine name here has a Gnostic tinge, but otherwise there is no watermark of time or place. It was evidently quoted to show that even angels suffered from a disease like ophthalmia, and that divine aid was needed in order to supplement the usual remedies of the medical art. Whether 'name' or 'power' is supplied after πεποιθόσι in the first extract, the point of view is the same in both.

The former extract I would be disposed to group under the 'unidentified fragments' of Gospels dealing with the general life of Jesus (*Dict. of*

Apostolic Church, vol. i. p. 499), rather than to connect it with the Gospel of the Ebionites (*ibid.* pp. 494-495). It is quite possible that the second extract may not be from a Christian Gospel at all; as the editors admit, it may belong to a Jewish apocalyptic composition like the 'Apocalypse of Baruch' or the 'Ascension of Isaiah.' If it is Christian, it may belong to some Gospel of the third class, *i.e.* those dealing with the resurrection life (*ibid.*, pp. 505-506), for Gospels of this order tended to become apocalyptic on a general scale and to handle the mysteries of angels and demons.

Since the papyrus dates from the fifth century, we have a *terminus ad quem* for the two fragments. Whether they come from the same Gospel or not, they reflect the interest of popular Egyptian Christianity in the close association of piety and the healing art, an interest which was accelerated during the early centuries by the contemporary connexion of the temples with pagan cures. An Egyptian convert would desire to find in his worship of Christ an equivalent for what he had enjoyed as a pagan in the cult of a deity like Isis.

JAMES MOFFATT.

Glasgow.

'Her that kept the Door.'

WITH reference to the interesting paper by Lady Ramsay under this heading in the April number of THE EXPOSITORY TIMES, may I supplement the evidence as to a woman doorkeeper by data from Talmudic sources?

The most recent work on Talmudic Archæology knows only of a man doorkeeper.¹ The three passages cited here establish, however, the fact that in wealthy Jewish households in Palestine the custom was for a female servant to announce visitors and usher them in. The visitors used to wait outside the door of the house while the servant inquired of her master whether they could enter. She thus fulfilled the duty of porter, and literally 'kept the door.'

In the Babylonian Talmud, Yebamot, 16^a, it is related that once the members of the academy of Jamnia came to an important legal decision without the veteran and respected scholar, Dosa b. Horcinas, having been consulted because of his inability, owing to old age, to attend the meetings

¹ Cf. Samuel Krauss, *Talmudische Archäologie*, 1910, i. p. 52.

of the academy. They therefore sent three scholars, Joshua b. Hananya, Eleazar b. Azarya, and Akiba, to inform R. Dosa of the decision. These scholars 'went and stood at the door of his house. Thereupon his female servant went in to him and announced, "Rabbi, the scholars of Israel have come to see you," and he said unto her, "Let them enter," and they entered.' From the other details of the story it appears that Akiba (died 135) was only at the beginning of his scholarly fame, whereas Eleazar b. Azarya, later on prominent as Patriarch in opposition to R. Gamaliel II., was as yet unknown to the veteran R. Dosa b. Horcinas. The date of this visit can therefore most likely be fixed about the close of the first century.

The same details in connexion with announcing a visitor we read in the story, related by Nathan the Babylonian, of a visit paid by a Jew to a certain lady. 'When the time of his appointment arrived, he came and sat at the door of her house. Then her maid went in to her and said unto her, "Behold, the man with whom you made the appointment is sitting at the door of the house." So the mistress said, "Let him enter," and he went in.'¹ This R. Nathan is known to have settled in the second half of the second century in Galilee, where he became an intimate friend of the Patriarch R. Jehuda, the redactor of the Mishna. R. Nathan in his account clearly reflects the custom of ushering in visitors as prevalent in Palestine in his own time.

Finally, R. Haggai, a Galilean Amora (about 300), tells how on one occasion, presumably in his own time, the scholars knew not the meaning of certain Hebrew words and decided to inquire of the Patriarch's household, since it had the reputation of speaking a pure Hebrew without an admixture of Aramaic. 'So they went to ask, and a maid of the Patriarch's household came out and told them, "Enter ye in pairs."² The missing details can be easily supplied. The visitors waited at the door while the woman doorkeeper went in to inquire whether they could enter. She then came back and told them to enter in pairs.

Thus the Talmudic evidence, in addition to that of John and of the Septuagint, enables us to

trace for centuries the custom prevalent in Palestine for women to occupy the position of doorkeeper.

JACOB MANN.

Kilburn, London.

Pelagius and the Pauline Vulgate.

I DO not know if Dom de Bruyne³ was wise in publishing his peculiar views on the origin of our Latin text of St. Paul before the publication in *Texts and Studies* of the critical edition of the *Commentary* of Pelagius on the *Letters of S. Paul*, announced a considerable time ago by Dr. Souter.

At any rate, the inconvenience of haste is already obvious. While De Bruyne makes much of a declaration published by Dr. Souter in 1906 to the effect that Pelagius was the best witness we had to our Pauline Vulgate, and while he takes this as the starting-point from which he proceeds through an examination of prologues and concordances to the conclusion that Pelagius in person was the reviser of the Latin text of St. Paul to whom we owe our Vulgate text, Dr. Souter now announces in a brief and significant note in the *Journal of Theological Studies*⁴ that he inclines to hold another view and to suspect that underlying the *Commentary* of Pelagius there was originally a text of the *Vetus Latina* carefully harmonized and made uniform with the Vulgate at a later date.

At the same time, I should be slow to assert that everything in De Bruyne's effort is valueless and premature. The learned explorer of the Latin Codices of the New Testament, who in collaboration with Bihlmeyer is preparing the critical edition of the Biblical prologues, cannot attack without useful results a problem of literary criticism affecting the Scriptural text. In the present case, the negative part of his thesis is particularly noteworthy, the part, that is, which he devotes to showing by arguments that complete and renew the labours of Corssen and of some philologists of the sixteenth century, that Jerome is not the author of our Latin Vulgate in the section of the Pauline Letters: 'I hold,' he writes,

³ Dom de Bruyne: 'Études sur les Origines de notre Texte Latin de St. Paul' (*Revue Biblique*, July to October 1915, pp. 358-392). The article, however, is dated May 13, 1914.

⁴ Souter, 'Pelagius and the Pauline Text in the Book of Armagh' (*Journal of Theological Studies*, October 1915, p. 105).

¹ Menahot, 44^a, *Sifre Num.* c. 15 (end); Yalkut, *ibid.*

² Palestinian Talmud, Shebiit, 7ⁱ (beginning); Megilla, 2 (73^a ll. 37-46); cf. also Babylonian Talmud; Rosh Hashana, 26^b; Megilla, 18^a.

'that the Vulgate of the Pauline Letters does not at all depend on Jerome; is not his text; and is not a revision of his text.' And the whole series of proofs by which he supports this negative view is certainly imposing.

Quite frail and risky, on the other hand, seems to be his positive thesis that the author of the Pauline Vulgate was Pelagius, of course taking the word *author* as qualified by all those reservations required by the particular nature of the work attributed to him.

On another occasion it will be possible to weigh at sufficient length the force of the reasoning which De Bruyne brings forward in support of his assertion, and which he derives from the presence in the Codices of the *Concordia Epistolarum Pauli*, and from the Pelagian prefaces. For the present, I simply wish to draw attention to an internal argument which appears to me to render extremely improbable the personal intervention of Pelagius in the formation, even in the most limited sense, of our text of the Latin Vulgate of St. Paul.

'Here (writes De Bruyne, page 359) is a question of the person of Pelagius, not of his doctrine. In vain do we seek in the actual Vulgate the slightest trace of the Pelagian heresy. Pelagius was not a falsifier.'

Quite so, but were we to find that one of the Pauline passages most tenaciously and ostentatiously invoked against Pelagian notions is a verse of the *Vetus Latina*, which imperfectly reproduces the original Greek, and that this wrong translation of the original appears without change in all the traditional manuscripts known to us of the Vulgate, should we not be within our right in thinking that Pelagius cannot be the author of the Vulgate, into the text of which, it may be assumed, he would have introduced a correction clearly necessary to deprive his opponents of their chosen weapon, and one they had unjustifiably appropriated?

Now such precisely is the state of the case. As is well known, the principal argument adopted by St. Augustine in his unceasing controversy with Pelagianism was based on v.¹² of the fifth chapter of the letter to the Romans, particularly on the final clause which the *Vetus Latina* as well as the Vulgate translates by: '*In quo omnes peccaverunt.*'¹ It is well known that

this translation does not render the Greek accurately, since the clause ἐφ' ᾧ πάντες ἡμαρτον taken in connexion with the words preceding it can have no other meaning than '*Eo quod omnes peccaverunt*'—an incidental, causal, non-relative proposition, as was pointed out by St. Augustine to Julian of Æclanum (*Contra Julianum*, vi. 75).²

How an interpretation so clearly mistaken was possible, it is difficult to say. I am inclined to imagine that the first time the ἐφ' ᾧ of Paul was rendered by *In quo* by some unknown Latin translator, the latter was under the influence of the teaching of St. Irenæus, according to which we all stumbled in Adam, not obeying the precept of God: ἐν τῷ πρώτῳ Ἀδὰμ προσεκόψαμεν, μὴ ποιήσαντες αὐτοῦ τὴν ἐντολήν (*Adv. Hær.* v. 16. 3).

Be this as it may, however, it seems to me very unlikely that Pelagius would have allowed such an inexact interpretation of the Pauline verse to pass into the Vulgate. He could not but see that this inaccurate interpretation furnished a powerful argument to the theory of his adversary which recognized a real sin in every newborn being. To refuse to distort texts in support of one's own opinions is nothing more than right and honourable; but to hesitate to deprive your adversary of arms which he has no right to use would be foolish—and folly was certainly not one of the qualities of the writer of the letter to Demetrius!

Nor can it be supposed that Pelagius did not notice the importance of the Pauline clause in Ro 5¹² when, as alleged, he carried out the revision of the Pauline text. The text of his commentary on the passage, in the edition of Vallarsi—and apart from the conventional correction of Souter—shows clearly enough that he was well aware of the significance of the passage. In fact, he tries to harmonize it with the original through his own interpretation of it: '*Hoc est, in eo, quod omnes peccaverunt, exemplo Adæ pereant*'; but he abstained from introducing the correction into the passage itself.

Another point, too, deserves attention in this connexion: if it was Pelagius who revised the Latin Pauline Text, his followers would have

¹ Novum Testamentum D.N.J.C., Latine secundum editionem S. Hieronymi, curr. J. Wordsworth et H. White. Epistola ad Romanos: Oxonii, 1913, p. 85.

² Even were there no other arguments in favour of attributing a causal value to the clause in Ro 5¹², it would be still quite enough to fall back on the perfect parallelism with 2 Co 5⁴.

been only too ready to adopt their master's version; whereas, in point of fact, we meet with differences in their use of Pauline authorities between Pelagius and his most direct continuators. The verse under consideration, Ro 5¹², is given differently, for instance, by Pelagius and by Julian of Æclanum. The former reads with the Vulgate in the second verse: '*Et ita in omnes homines pertransiit*,' in full conformity with the Greek. The second, on the other hand, reads with St. Augustine, '*Et ita in omnes homines mors pertransiit*,' and has to have recourse to a long dissertation in the endeavour to convince his adversary of Hippo that the subject of *pertransiit* is *mors* and not *peccatum* (*Op. imperfectum*, ii. 63).

There is no need to labour the point just now at greater length. Even before entering on an exhaustive discussion of De Bruyne's thesis, there seems to be plenty of general considerations to make one slow in accepting it.

ERNESTO BUONAIUTI.

Rome.

Φιλοτιμέομαι.

I HAD occasion, recently, to try to measure the precise force of this verb in the three places where it appears in the N.T., viz.: Ro 15²⁰ οὕτως δὲ φιλοτιμούμενον εὐαγγελίζεσθαι: 2 Co 5⁹ διὸ καὶ φιλοτιμούμεθα, εἴτε ἐνδομοῦντες εἴτε ἐκδομοῦντες, εὐάρεστοι αὐτῷ εἶναι: 1 Th 4¹¹ Παρακαλοῦμεν δὲ ὑμᾶς . . . φιλοτιμεῖσθαι ἡσυχάζειν.

The A.V.'s renderings are: 'So have I strived to preach the gospel'; 'Wherefore we labour (in margin *endeavour*) that, whether present or absent, we may be accepted of him'; 'We beseech you . . . that ye study to be quiet.'

The R.V. gives us—'making it my aim (margin *being ambitious*) so to preach the gospel'; 'Wherefore, also, we make it our aim (margin *are ambitious*), whether at home, or absent, to be well-pleasing unto him'; 'But we exhort you that . . . ye study (margin *be ambitious*) to be quiet.' The American Bible Union Version (Improved Edition) gives us—'Yea, making it my aim so to preach the gospel'; 'Wherefore, also, we make it our aim, whether at home, or absent, to be well-pleasing to him'; 'but we beseech you . . . to make it your aim to be quiet.'

All this, however, is not more interesting than it is CONFUSING. Is there any NEED for such a

variety of renderings? The root meaning of φιλοτιμέομαι is to *love honour*, and by implication, to exert oneself from motives of ambition; hence to *be ambitious* of doing anything—to earnestly strive, *i.e.* from a love and sense of *honour*. Would it not be advisable, therefore, to have something better than mere timid and tentative hints in *margins* as to what the precise force of the word is, and, in order to give confidence to the ordinary English reader, to place IN THE BODY OF THE TEXT of the A.V. correct and uniformly consistent renderings; thus:—Yea, being ambitious so to preach the gospel; Wherefore we are ambitious that, whether present, or absent, we may be accepted of him; And that ye be ambitious to be quiet.

P. THOMSON.

Dunning.

'Your Life is hid with Christ in God' (Colossians iii. 3).

WHILST studying this passage I happened to receive the new volume of the ENCYCLOPEDIA OF RELIGION AND ETHICS. On looking through its pages, with the words of St. Paul in my mind, my attention was arrested by the article on 'Life-Token' and especially by the following passage:—

'The life of ogre or hero is frequently said to depend on an object *hidden safely away*, and this object is . . . commonly referred to as his *life*. In Nigeria a great tree frequently stands in a village, and is hung with medicine and votive offerings; it is described by the villagers as "*our life*," and is declared to have the life of the priest in it.'

Can any of your readers say whether there is any trace of belief in Life-Tokens amongst the people of the Lycus Valley in New Testament times? The striking likeness of the words of the Apostle (cp. v.⁴, 'When Christ, *our life*, shall be manifested') may be accidental, but the description of the practice is interesting, and may perhaps be used as a legitimate illustration of the Apostle's thought.

CHAS. M. DRAPER.

Penryn, Cornwall.

Μανσιονες Μυσταε.

THE familiar passage: ἐν τῇ οἰκίᾳ τοῦ πατρὸς μου μοναὶ πολλαὶ εἰσιν (Jn 14²), may be compared

which sounds curiously in the light of later events in his own country, is no doubt responsible for the remarks of the late Professor Cheyne on the same passage: after quoting Hengstenberg's 'A very picturesque trait! They must look on quietly, how the table is spread, and how the psalmist sits down at it,' he adds: 'Rather a blot on the poem, only to be tolerated under necessity' (*The Book of Psalms*, 1904).

It is interesting to note that exactly the same sense of peace and safety in the midst of danger occurs in a line of the sixth century Arabian poet Imrul-Keis, in which he boasts that his camels 'graze in the presence of both the sons of Zubeir upon land rich in herbage until their hides become too strait for their bodies' (*Diwân*, 15). Certainly Hengstenberg's paraphrase of the psalmist's verse is neither poetical nor edifying. The expression 'to spread a table' is metaphorical. Cf. Ps 78¹⁹ 'Can God furnish a table in the wilderness?' T. H. WEIR.

University of Glasgow.

The Submerged City of Is.

RENAN at the beginning of the Preface to his *Souvenirs d'Enfance et de Jeunesse* (Paris, 1883) writes thus:

'Une des légendes les plus répandues en Bretagnes est celle d'une prétendue ville d'Is, qui, à une époque inconnue, aurait été engloutie par la mer. On montre, à divers endroits de la côte, l'emplacement de cette cité fabuleuse, et les pêcheurs vous en font d'étranges récits. Les jours de tempête, assurent-ils, on voit, dans les creux des vagues, le sommet des flèches de ses églises; les jours de calme, on entend monter de l'abîme le son de ses cloches modulant l'hymne du jour. Il me semble souvent que j'ai au fond du cœur une ville d'Is qui sonne encore des cloches obstinées à convoquer aux offices sacrés des fidèles qui n'entendent plus. Parfois je m'arrête pour prêter l'oreille à ces temblantes vibrations, qui me paraissent venir de profondeurs infinies, comme des voix d'un autre monde. Aux approches de la vieillesse surtout, j'ai pris plaisir, pendant le repos de l'été, à recueillir ces bruits lointains d'une Atlantide disparue.'

These words have often haunted one whose years have long since passed the Psalmist's limit

of threescore and ten, and who knows Tréguier (where Renan's youth was spent) and portions of the Breton coast which lie near that town. At last, almost without effort, the thoughts which Renan's words suggest came to him in a form which possibly may be of some little interest to those who are not familiar with the book or the scenes of which it tells.

Somewhere along the Breton coast
and neath the waves, 'tis said,
There lies an ancient city,
a city of the dead:
And every Breton fisherman
believes that he can tell,
Where the buried city lies,
close to where himself doth dwell.

His grandfather, he's heard him say,
in a tempest long ago,
When the winds tossed the waves on high,
like mountains tipped with snow,
And when between these mountain-tops
a vale of water lay,
Sinking and sinking lower still,
as if 'twould sink away,—

Had seen the spires of churches show
their tops in that sad vale,
As drowning men their arms throw up,
when they make their last sad wail,
Had seen the waves sweep down on them
and send them back to night,
And then pass on and leave them
in a vale once more in sight.

And many a man in other days,
when the winds are all asleep,
And 'tis hard to tell how far one sees
into the glassy deep,
Has thought that deep, deep down sometimes
dark towers may there be seen,
Quivering among the twilights
beneath the watery sheen.

And many more will tell you,
though the eye may be deceived,
The ear at least, in such dead calms
may safely be believed;
For clearly to the surface,
with notes both sweet and low,
The sounds of bells come welling up,
the bells of long ago.

Sometimes a long past Angelus
forth from the depths doth steal,
Or of those whose grandsons now are dead
there comes the marriage peal.
Then in more solemn moments
a closely muffled bell
Sends to the ear an echo
of a long since silent knell.

We smile when the Breton sailor
 of the submerged city tells:
 No one has seen those steeple-tops,
 no one has heard those bells.
 A sea-boat's spar, a sea-bird's cry,
 dark rocks with seaweed dressed,—
 These were the sole realities,
 and fancy did the rest.

And yet this pleasing fancy
 is no mere idle song;
 It tells of precious truths
 which to each of us belong;
 If only we with longing eyes
 and yearning ears begin
 To search, not in the depths outside,
 but in the depths within.

Deep in the memory of each
 a submerged city dwells,
 Echoes from which, in strangest tones,
 will all unbidden rise.
 Sometimes we try to summon them,
 yet cannot make them come;
 Sometimes we try to silence them,
 yet cannot make them dumb.
 Happy are those whose submerged past
 of purest pleasures tells,
 Which rise again as Angelus,
 or soft sweet wedding bells;
 Who never need the solace,
 and never feel the fears,
 Of the waters of forgetfulness,
 and the ghosts of vanished years.
A. PLUMMER.

Entre Nous.

The Magical Land.

Mr. Francis Stopford's book of essays entitled *Life's Great Adventure* has been added to Messrs. Duckworth's Readers' Library (2s. 6d. net). Though the essays may be read disjointedly, they are united by a double link. In the first place, the author and his friend Epicurus are living mortals to whom the experiences come; and in the second place, every essay has this one thought inspiring all its beauty of language and all its outlook on life, the thought that happiness can be attained only through discipline. Once there occurs a parable. This is the parable.

'Some children once asked me to write them a guide to the Magical Land; this was the best I could do.'

Once upon a time there lay hidden in a wilderness a tiny hamlet, sheltered by green palms, bright with flowers, and cheerful with the music of running waters. Men who had seen it called this lovely spot the home of happiness, and wandering into far lands would tell of its pleasures, or make pictures of its pleasancess. Children, when they heard the beautiful stories and saw the beautiful paintings, would start of a morning to find this magical hamlet under the palm—boys and girls together in holiday attire.

They came quickly to the garden full of gay blossoms of every kind of colour and of delicious odours. They raced over the smooth lawns, picking

flowers here and there, freely, with none to say them nay. Tired, they rested on mossy banks, their hands filled with nosegays, and for sceptres they would wave a lily or an iris, and they wove themselves coronals of pink carnations, and plaited stoles of milk-white roses.

'Very soon we will come to that pleasancess,' they shouted one to another, 'which we will make our home for ever.'

Beyond the garden was a grove where the birds sang blithely.

'Let us hurry on,' the children said, 'for it must be in that grove of singing-birds.'

At the edge of the garden an old blackthorn stood forlornly. It seemed as if spring had forgotten it, for never a green leaf showed on its tangled branches, and its gnarled trunk and twisted boughs looked cruel and forbidding. A dove caught in the topmost branches struggled among the thorns.

'Let me go free, let me go free,' the bird moaned. And its silver feathers fluttered sadly through the black boughs down to the ground.

'Poor thing!' cried the girls as they saw the bird. 'Cannot you rescue it?' they asked their brothers.

The boys would begin to climb the tree, but the branches tore their clothes, and the thorns cut deeply into their flesh.

'We cannot wait,' called out the girls; 'our wreaths are withering. Be quick, or we must leave you.'

The boys exclaimed: 'It doesn't really matter; it's only a bird. There are lots of birds in the grove. The thorn-bush is not easy to climb. Why should we tear our clothes and hurt our hands just for a dove?'

So the children went on together, talking among themselves. 'We must not waste our time, or we shall never reach that joyland before nightfall.' But the dove struggled painfully in the thorn-bush.

Two paused by the tree: 'Poor thing!' sighed the girl as the others had sighed; 'cannot you rescue it?' The boy began to climb. He cried out as the others had cried when the thorns cut into his flesh.

'Be brave, brother,' the girl called to him. Then she looked down, and saw that the bright flowers in her hands were fading. 'I must be brave too,' she whispered to herself.

The boy fought his way to the topmost branches. It was a hard and long fight, and the fragrance had gone from the blossoms, and the crown of carnations on the girl's head was dead. But she never faltered. Still smiling, she called out: 'Be brave, brother, be brave.'

'Let me go free, let me go free,' moaned the dove.

The boy broke away the thorns that fettered the bird, and straightway it flew far away out of sight. He made his way to the ground with what speed he could, but ruefully, for he was in pain; his clothes were torn, and he had thought that the dove would have hovered above his head at least for a moment, and bestowed on him a benison.

'Grieve not, brother,' said the girl, 'it was only a bird. You have been brave. Could we see pain and pass it by when we had the strength to help? How can we reach a home of happiness if we leave unhappiness in our path?'

The girl tore the bright broidery neatly from her robe, so that the rent might not be perceived, in order to bind the boy's torn hands. She mended his garments skilfully with thorns from the thorn-bush. Other children as they ran by laughed to see their plight. But the boy and the girl heeded them not.

Now, with the others, they entered the grove of singing-birds, and gaily ran up and down the sunlit glades. Some, in pursuit of golden blossoms or of purple petals, rushed recklessly through thickets and into swamps. They drank from them whenever they were thirsty, and washed their garments in the clean waters. They looked here and there for the pleasure they sought, but found it not.

'It must be beyond the grove,' they said; 'we shall come to it presently.'

A fountain lay at the base of a black rock. The girls mirrored their fair faces in its crystal depths,

and the boys dipped their hands into its cold waters to cool their heated foreheads.

'Let me go free, let me go free,' bubbled the fountain.

And they all exclaimed: 'It were, indeed, a shame that water so clear and cool should be prisoned beneath this black rock.'

A mattock had been thrown on the ground near by. The boys laid hold of it.

'What will you give us, dull fountain, if we let you go free to chatter in the sun?'

'Blisters,' bubbled the waters.

The girls lifted up the round boulders that checked the outflow, asking: 'What will you give us, sad fountain, if we let you go free to laugh beneath the moon?'

'Bruises,' bubbled the waters.

'Shall we who seek happiness waste our time here gaining blisters and bruises, just to send one more runnel of water through the grove? 'Twere folly!' So they went on their way.

But the two who had freed the dove passed near the rock and heard the cry of the fountain. They asked, as the others had asked, for their reward.

'Blisters—bruises,' was the murmured answer.

'Who fears blisters?' shouted the boy; 'but bruises are not fit for girls.'

He seized the mattock and set to work manfully. The girl, saying nothing, quietly lifted the round boulders, but often they slipped through her hands and bruised her sorely. Once she cried out in her pain. He would have left his task to comfort her.

'Nay, brother, work on,' she said; 'we must not waste our time if we would reach the place we seek before nightfall. But our task must first be finished.'

So they toiled bravely together.

Suddenly, and, as it seemed, with a shout of triumph, the fountain leapt from his prison, and went rushing into the grove down the channel they had dug for it. So quickly did the waters go that they left behind them not even the thinnest trickle. His hands were blistered and burned, many were the bruises that marred her tender limbs.

'It were a shame,' he shouted, 'that the waters did not stay at least until they had quenched our thirst.'

'Nay, brother, it does not matter,' said the girl. 'There are other streams where we may drink. This fountain will slake the thirst of flower and fruit that would have withered and died had we not let its waters free. How can we live in a home of happiness if we do not remember the sorrows of others?'

The grove was left behind. The trees became fewer, and presently ceased. The grassy glades ran into dusty roads which perished in the sand. For the little company now wandered in a wilder-

ness upon which the afternoon sun beat fiercely. There was little shade, and the pools of water were few and brackish. They walked slowly and wearily, for they were footsore.

'Where is that pleasure?' they asked each other. And one would say, pointing to the north: 'It is there. I can see its palms shine on the horizon.' So they dropped to the north. But the palms faded away.

Another said: 'I knew you were wrong; it is to the south. Look, there is the pleasant shade of its orchards.' So to the south they went, but the orchards vanished from view. It was only the mirage of the desert taunting them in their weariness. They had lost their way.

Two among them walked straight on, saying nothing. They also were tired and footsore, and had to drink from the brackish wells, but they were not deceived by the mirage. Wounds and weariness did not overcome them so that they saw false visions; for they had learnt the lessons of pain and patience willingly in the garden beneath the thorn-tree, and of their own free-will they had tasted toil and suffering by the fountain in the grove. Wherefore in the wilderness they were strong to endure.

The sun was sinking low when they sat in the shadow of a rock, very footsore, very tired, very thirsty, but not in despair; for hope always burned brightly in their hearts. Suddenly at their feet a fountain bubbled up. They bent down and drank greedily. Its waters were sweet.

As they drank they heard them murmur: 'Blisters and bruises in the grove; refreshment in the wilderness. Prisoned beneath the black rock, there we should have remained; free, we have wandered hither.'

They rose happily, their thirst quenched, and smiled as they looked in each other's eyes, saying nothing. Now they walked on briskly, their weariness having well-nigh departed. A dove sunning itself in the sand rose before them.

The whirl of its wings whispered: 'Follow me, follow me. Caught among the thorns in the garden I was freed, wherefore I can be a guide in the desert.'

Hand in hand they followed the flight of the dove. Soon the ground fell away, and at their feet lay a hamlet among feathery palms fair to look upon, with orchards through which sweet waters ran merrily, and where birds sang sweetly.

'It is not yet night,' they said laughingly to each other; 'yet we often thought darkness must fall before ever we should find the home of happiness. So it is really here. It is not a mirage. But it's very hard to find.'

Coronata.

Coronata (Dent; 1s. 6d.) is the title which has been given to 'a book of poems in rhyme and rhythm.' The book is gathered out of the fertile fields of English poetry from John Barbour to Maclean Watt. The collection has been made by Dr. Richard Wilson, who says of it: 'This collection of shorter poems is intended chiefly for young people who usually prefer the poem of incident but who are capable of being led to an appreciation of that "procession of sweet sounds" which enshrines the fundamental human emotions, that is to say, to poetry in all its varied forms.' It is gathered into a most attractive book, the attraction being partly due to eight artistically coloured illustrations. Most of the poems are favourites and familiar. One is not. It was found under the pillow of a soldier who, after being wounded in one of the battles of the Civil War in America, died in a South Carolina hospital. It is quoted from *Country Life* for March 27, 1915. This is the poem:

TIRED.

I lay me down to sleep
With little thought or care,
Whether my waking find me
Here or There.

A bowing burdened head
That only asks to rest,
Unquestioning upon
A loving breast.

My good right hand forgets
Its cunning now,
To march the weary march
I know not how.

I am not eager, bold,
Nor strong—all that is past;
I am ready not to do,
At last, at last.

My half-day's work is done,
And this is all my part;
I give a patient God
My patient heart,
And grasp His banner still,
Though all its blue be dim,
These stripes, no less than stars,
Lead after Him.

Printed by MORRISON & GIBB LIMITED, Tanfield Works,
and Published by T. & T. CLARK, 38 George Street,
Edinburgh. It is requested that all literary communications be addressed to THE EDITOR, Kings Gate, Aberdeen, Scotland.